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Gary Snyder: NOW, INDIA

To Thea

I Ship

We left Kyoto on a cold frosty morning -- tenth of December /19617 I think it was -- just two days after the end of the big Rohatsu Osesshin at the monastery, clear & blue sky -- with our rucksacks, but Joanne in high heels because we were going on one of the classier express trains, & she still didn't believe me when I said travel in India would be like camping out. In Tokyo we stayed two days with a young couple I'd known only by correspondence -- Clayton Eshleman, a new poet (has appeared in Trobar & a few other magazines) & his new wife. On the twelfth we took the interurban electric from Tokyo down to Yokohama, cleared through Immigration and Customs, & walked down this long dock to the "Cambodge" where it was moored alongside -- a pretty big ship, all painted white. Up the gangplank, & immediately were transported into a new non-Japanese world. Here was a sudden warm perfumy smell, & perfumy stewards, all talking French, & women stewards with sharpy permanent hairdos & thin eyebrow lines like older French women seem to go for. I recollect Joanne getting kind of tangled up with her rucksack & the narrow doors & passageways & becoming sort of rattled -- I was immediately uncomfortable because of the warmth of the heated ship when we had just come from unheated Jap-

an, & were wearing heavy winter underwear, and sweaters. A steward led us to our cabins, way forward into cabin class. The change is abrupt, because in tourist class they have wooden doors & trim, and a few carpets, but in cabin class it's all steel doors and steel lockers & steel bunks & rubbertile flooring. But nice and clean. Showed us the diningroom, which is all bright yellow & red, recently redone, with bright plastic red covered chairs & couches along the wall, very cheery & happy, with portholes to look out and a music system playing popular music constantly. We unpacked & put our stuff in our lockers -- at the last minute in Kyoto I decided to buy a camera & be sure of getting good photos in India, so I bought an Asahi Pentax single-lens reflex 35 mm with f 2 lens. and was paranoid about it, hiding it in the back of the locker & putting padlocks where I could & locking the cabin. We were given the freedom of the forward deck so there we stood in the late afternoon as the ship pulled away from the dock & we saw the last of the low glare of Yokohama neon (it's a real port town) turning on as it got dark & we sailed away -- not really knowing if we'd ever get back to Japan again, India seeming so remote & scarv still.

The first few days on the ship were chilly & rough, lots of people stayed in their cabins. A young couple from Kyoto whom we knew was also on board, Jack Craig (who had come originally to study Zen from Cupertino Calif., then through a friend of Al Klyce ((who is probably back in San Francisco now with his Japanese wife)) met a girl working in a bar, whom he fell for, & after several months of tedious hassling they got married & 6 months later or so left Japan bound for Hong Kong, & thence India by plane, Europe, & New York, where they are now) and Jack's lovely wife Ginko was so miserably seasick she thought she'd perish.

Just before Hong Kong the weather cleared and the water smoothed, & we got a chance to talk to some of our fellow cabin-class tween-deck passengers. They were pretty interesting. One was Helmut Kugl, a German who had gone off to Australia & worked as a carpenter, then went to Japan for 4 months, & was now off to India to "find Krishnamurti" be-

cause he had picked up a book by Krishnamurti & decided this was what he wanted. Anti-German, & totally against any kind of discipline or authority, but he was only about 24, red-haired & freckly -- a perpetual frown of doubt on his brow & constant deep & contradictory philosophical questions -- he claimed not to have even finished high school. Hilda Hunt was about 60, divorcée, dressed up in lavendar, always having her drink before dinner & always talking about her days on the New Orleans Time Picayune (she "knew Hemingway" when he was living in New Orleans) -- wrote bad verse -- & had numerous fantastic stories to tell, but was withal quite sweet -- had been visiting some younger relatives who were with the armed services in Japan, & was now on the long trip round to Europe, to visit some more young relatives stationed in Germany.

An Australian named Neil Hunter was one of the most interesting people I' ve met in several years. He had done French, Chinese, & Japanese literature at the university of Melbourne, then went to work in the bush for a year or so, took the money & went to Japan, Tokyo -- lived for about four months in Shinjuku, Tokyo (a kind of bar & underworld hangout zone of enormous dimensions) then took off for India -- fellow who knows about literature, wild life, & for some reason became a converted catholic & is now trying to reconcile Catholicism & Buddhism to suit himself. Among others were a French couple, early-middle-aged anarchists who live in New Caledonia; a pair of 19 year old American boys from Los Angeles off on a world tour, & a couple of gentle Ceylonese school teachers who played chess all the time & argued their respective religions, Catholic & Buddhist.

Hong Kong, we first off headed for the Japanese Consul & presented our papers, applying for a new visa to Japan. Then walked around on the hillside back of town -- Joanne went shopping for a raincoat, & Neil and I went into an old style wine shop & talked to the old men in broken Chinese, sampling from various crocks & getting a little drunk -- wandered up & down through the crowded alleys, people hanging all their laundry out the apartment balcony windows, old stained concrete &

plaster. New buildings don't seem to last long. Hong Kong so crowded -- & barbed wire machine gun emplacements set up all around. Lively, shopping is a major activity, stores are filled with every conceivable thing especially luxury. Joanne got a French raincoat -- we met, back at the ship. The next day Joanne, Neil, & I took a bus out to the border -about 30 mile ride. This is on the mainland side. We got up on a hill and gazed out through pine trees at the Chinese Peoples' Republic -- spread out before us, a watery plain with houses here and there -- a barbed wire fence along a river at the foot of the hill showing where the actual line is. We could see men far off in China loading a little boat on the river, and hear the geese & chickens & water buffaloes from far away. It was warmish, gray cloudy, soft, everywhere then. Went back on the train to Kowloon (nine dragons) where our ship was -- the seamen out handling rigging, sheaves & cables. Joanne is wearing her fine yellow raincoat. The villages in mainland Hong Kong have a very different feeling from those of Japan. The rows aren't so straight in the gardens, the buildings not so neat -- & the building material is brick instead of wood (though rooves are thatch); the people all wear the wide trousers and jackets, men & women alike. & coolie hats in the fields. But Hong Kong has food in a way no Japanese town could. The Japanese simply don't have the Chinese sense for cooking and eating (and a Japanese meal out, dinner party, say, is always a drag until people are finally drunk enough on sake to loosen up; whereas the Chinese have glorious multi-course banquets as a matter of course). In Hong Kong it's like walking along the market sections of Grant Ave. Chinatown only better, the wine shops & herb shops in between. That evening to an Australian-run bar for a while, then back to the end of the pier, looking across to the Victoria (Island) side, the celebrated lights going up the steep hill, drinking beer in the dark -- a freighter comes in blotting out the neon, the bridge decks alight, and a junk in full sail -- batwing taut membrane over bones -- goes out darkly & silent, a single yellow kerosene lamp dim in the stern. In my Journal it notes "The houses on the New Territory (mainland) side

are all thatched, dry brown colors as the parched winter brown of the long plain stretching north -- fallow paddies, with water buffalo, cows, pigs, and flocks of geese here and there browsing.

> the dried out winter ricefields men far off loading junks in the river bales of rice or barley on their shoulders a little boat poles out

--roosters and geese--

--looking at China"

bought \$347 worth of Rupees in Hong Kong at 7 Rs to 1 \$US, where official rate in India is 4.75 to 1\$. Ship sailed at midnight & we were bound for Saigon.

Out of Hong Kong they moved Joanne & me from our cabin class cabins & put us together in one tiny two-man cabin in the tourist-class section. Food was still to be taken deck class, but our living quarters had been altered. I never understood why except that they did get a large number of additional cabin class passengers, Indians and Chinese, & perhaps were over crowded. So now in the messhall, besides our previous friends, there were ladies in Saris & pigtailed old Chinese ladies in silk trousers -- and the waters were warm, we were sunbathing on deck. At night took up the star map & a flashlight, and identified the southern stars, Canopus and Achernar, & the Southern Cross, until one of the seamen came down from the bridge and said our little flashing of the flashlight was hard on the bridge lookout, so we stopped. always in motion.

Journal for 20 December says

"Coasting south Viet Nam -- come into muddy waters, the smell from ashore -- go in a bay and up the river. Both banks jungle swamps, a bird or a fishing canoe now & then. A thick almost-comfortable warmth over it all. Turns & twists in the river. A freighter comes sailing over the jungle. 1 pm land in Saigon -- surrounded by shaggy ricefield delta plains, a few thatch-houses in clumps of palm. Long bridge and double-spire church visible..." Saigon is really French. They sell

French bread everywhere, right along with funny-looking broiled animal innards, fruits & kinds of fish & vegetables which knowing the name wouldn't help you. The women are all beautiful and wear silk pajamas with a silk tunic over it and long loose hair, and apparently brassieres that make them all come to sharp points in front. Walked a bit in the afternoon, and then out in the Night street stalls -- fruit juices, caged birds, crushed sugar-cane with ice and lime. Next day went to the Botanical gardens & zoo & museum compound, dug most of all the Gibbon which has no tail & a maniac laugh while running on the ground with his arms which are longer than his whole body, sort of crossed behind his neck Up. trees, colored-shuttered houses, white or yellow walls. architecture seems to be Colonial Franco-Spanish. We fed the Elephant's trunk nose finger some apples from the ship. Then she curtseved.

"Viet Nam women fluttering & trailing high collard, tight-waisted, loose floppy ankles and thin silk swish legs -- high small sharp breasts, waves of black heavy clean hair. Always a gold ring in the right ear." Sidewalk cafes and cheap beer, so later in the day we sit and watch, eat ham sandwich & French pastries. Sail back down the river at 1:30 in the afternoon. You'd never guess there was anykind of war going on around here, but for a very rare truck going through with soldiers in jungle outfit, but no weapons visible, no guards with submachine guns on the corners or guys in tanks parked at intersections. Yet we read in the newspapers of ambushes and kidnappings just 15 miles out of town. Govt of South Viet Nam is bunch of Catholic elite westernized prudes anyhow, completely out of touch with "the people"

Well next was Singapore; as we approached it the weather became muggy and the oceansurface heavy and oily, the water changed from blue to green. Also I got dysentary about then, terrible cramps. So I, went ashore for only five hours in Singapore, feeling miserable, & remember little from that time. Our new passengers included a lot of adolescent Sikh boys with their fuzzd young faces and girlish wisps of hair

sticking out from under their turbans. Indian women and children all over the deck -- squabbling-- and a tall white-haired fine-featured Swiss lady with her Chinese husband. They had just recently left mainland china -- had been traders in Shanghai for many many years. With them was their son who looked in his mid-twenties. They were on their way to Switzerland. They claimed no good had come out of Communism in China; the peasants were worse off than before on account of bad agricultural practices, everyone miserable and resigned -- no bars or lights at night, everybody the same dull clothes, blue suit: but they were freely allowed to leave China and were never in any way molested. I think they just found life getting dull there. & they had no love for Chiang.

Now we were crossing the Bay of Bengal, bound for Ceylon. The Indians out on the deck all day listening to Indian radio on their Singapore or Hong Kong transistors. Sarees blowing and swirling about the deck -- several hours spent re-examining our loads and lightening our packs -- give away the long underwear (which was scratchy old army surplus stuff full of holes anyhow) -- and Joanne planning to leave her heavy coat and high heels behind in Colombo to pick up later -- even so we have about 40 lbs each, with sleeping bags and cooking pots etc. We knew the jig was up when I went up on deck and saw our two Ceylonese teacher friends had mysteriously changed from western dress and were now in Ceylonese sarongs -- & weren't bothering to speak much English any more -- they were in their own waters. That night we passed the light on the southern end of Ceylon, and at dawn we were in Colombo harbor, to be thrust off the security of the ship & into the "world".

Part two.

30 July 1962 (the Summer Osesshin ((meditation week)) interfered with the progress of this letter so now I continue!)

II Ceylon: Colombo & Kandy

CEYLON

Taprobane, in old books Shakespeare calls it that I believe. Or was it Milton. Carried on trade with the Roman Empire -- the old port is now called Galle -- famous for its precious stones & spices & elephants, even then -- Portugese left a big mark here -- many Ceylonese families named Da Silva and Perera, although their features show no trace of Western blood, now -- & they are mostly Hinayana Buddhists; the others are Roman Catholic or (the Tamil-speaking people) Hindu.

Our ship anchored a dab offshore in Colombo, so we rode in a launch -- pitching sharply, a windy day, & went easily through Customs. Outside the Customs shed is the Tourist Information Bureau, which though nice to look at was staffed by one lazy sexy-looking girl who wasn't much help to us. They know our sort of tourist (rucksack) & know we don't bring in much dollar. (In India it was different, though). Claude Dalenburg had given us a lead on a place to stay, so we went to the "British Soldiers and Seaman's Institute" next door to the YMCA, which sure enough had rooms to rent. Cement floors & all, the big punka fan on the ceiling lazily spinning with the speed adjustor set on the wall by the light switch. This was the pattern we had on all rooms -- two cots. a punka, a table. We stretched out a clothesline and rolled out our bedding -- to sleep on top of, it was too hot to get into anything, and went out to look for food. Since the country was in the grips of a strike at that time, and the city gas was on strike, restaurants had almost no food. We ate bananas and meat rolls. I got a haircut at the YMCA, and the punka fan blew the cut hair all over the place, into eyes and down my neck -- the barber didn't even seem to notice it. I had him shave off my beard (Joanne wanted to see me without it) --

and when I got back to the room she would scarcely let me in the door, claiming she didn't know me. It was a shock to see my face without hair. So I let it grow right back again. A beard is a good thing to have in India, anyhow as it turned out. We bought some Ceylon rupees from a jeweller at the fine rate of eight to one dollar, had dinner in a Chinese restaurant which was the poorest Chinese food I' ve ever seen -- but relatively cheap -- back at the B.S.S.I. observed the inhabitants drinking beer on the first floor, a Ceylonese brand called "Nuwara Eliya" we had one too -- they really were seamen, or international tramp tourists of the sort we saw so many of, beards & rucksacks, wearing boots or sandals -- usually German or Swedish or Australian.

Beggar kids waiting for us outside the door. & this is a cheap place, 6 rupees a night for the two of us. Less than fifty cents each. Women next door carrying metal pans of broken concrete on their heads, black as Africans, wearing dusty purple sarees. A Construction project.

In the evening walked through "Pettah" a native quarter heh heh of pilots (guys that want to show you stores) beggars and merchants. Men wearing sarongs, with wide leather or web belts. usually barefoot. Dark skin & hairy ears. In the Pettah unrecognizable fruits and vegetables piled up. Cools off in the evening. Eat more bananas & go to bed.

Next day figured out bus and went to the Dehiwala Zoo five miles south of Colombo. Fine elephants & many animals of all sorts -- supposed to be the best zoo in the east -- but we didn't like all the cages, especially the leopards looked unhappy. It's funny to see monkeys in cages and other monkeys playing around outside of cages. Visited a Buddhist temple in the afternoon, "Dipaduttamaramaya vihara" built 150 years ago by the king of Thailand. Gaudy colors and lackadaisikal cleanliness which is just the opposite of most Japanese Buddhist temples, but at least the people here are Buddhists, where in Japan the only Buddhists, virtually, are the Buddhist priests.

We met the head Bhikku, who spoke English & is trying to raise money for a trip to America. He has just finished building a big library full of Sinhalese, Pali, & English language Buddhist literature. But I think these Bhikkus are arrogant and lazy. & I still think so.

Next day. 30 December,

followed up on the invitation of one of the Ceylonese schoolteachers who was on the Cambodge to visit him. Took a fiftyminute bus ride into the countryside -- lush full of banana and coconut trees, and little palm-leaf-thatch huts along the roadside, barefoot people strolling about -- Get off in front of a school surrounded by palmtree woods, "Dharmapala Vidyalaya" school our friend, Mr. Abeyewardena, is principal of. A fellow from the school leads us to his house, which is red-tile roofed with mud walls. He is a very well known man in Ceylon it turns out, and his school is quite famous, as a Buddhist private preparatory or high-school, coeducational. He is not wealthy by any western standard but I suppose in Ceylon or India he would represent the upper middle class. He was educated in London School of Economics and is a most literate man. He has a well-educated wife, three charming daughters, one small son, and one 17 year old son who is apparently not too bright, although not exactly a "deficient". The middle daughter, about 12, is a chess fiend and he says she is pretty good (he ought to know because he whipped me on the ship every time we played). They have a couple maids in the kitchen, women wearing the dark blue or maroon saris which are the standard wear of lower caste women. The fire is wood, the pots are brass or earthenware set on brick tripods. They are juicing the white out of coconuts on a kind of shredder-knife, and putting it into a curry sauce. Coconut is used in all sorts of cooking... then they give us a special kind of green coconut milk to drink, and a "custard apple" fruit to eat, which is a bumpy-looking redskinned thing with a soft white flesh which tastes just like custard.

Everybody calls bananas "plantains" here. Mangoes they said, were out of season. We ate some jaggery candy, made from sap of a palm.

So we had a nice curry dinner with them -- although it was a little strange, because Mr. Abeyewardena had to leave suddenly when two men came on some kind of urgent national educational business, and his wife and daughters served us, but wouldn't eat with us (the custom). Then we chatted a long time after dinner, and they made us up a bed on the floor. Next morning we were planning to leave Colombo & pass on, inland, to Kandy.

Thundershowers in the night & swordfight-rattling of the big palm leaves whipping about in the wind.

(1 August: now I have changed typewriters because as you probably noticed the previous typewriter, a Hermes Baby which I bought in San Francisco in 1952, was beginning to stick. It's now in the shop, and this is Joanne's large-portable Olympia, which works rather well but I don't like the Pica size type too well. It's quite hot today. John Chappell was just by & we had the maps spread out & were planning the skin diving trip he & his wife, & us, two motorcycles, are going on next week to the Japan Sea.)

So we got up at 5 AM, Mr. Abe's house, took the bus back to town, picked up our rucksacks, and caught the train (walking all the way to the station) for Kandy, the old capital of Ceylong & sort of the Buddhist center. Train climbed a bit, after the first fifty miles. Landscape of coconut palm groves and ricefields. At train stops men sell coconuts for drinking instead of soda pop -- buy one & they swiftly cut a square out of the top with a knife, and you directly drink it from the shell. Then the train began to climb, and we saw some really splendid scenery of jungled steep hills, some with rocky cliffs,

great forests, steeply terraced ricefields, and clouds floating amongst it all. Also passed through areas of commercial tea, hillside plantations covered with low clipped tea bushes (looking rather similar to Japanese tea growing lands). Kandy is about 1000 feet above sea level.

Our plan was to stay in the Youth Hostel here, which it turned out was one cement room with two beds within the Boy Scout HQ building. We had a hard time even finding that. Once in, strung up our clothesline (Joanne was always rinsing things out first thing we got someplace), took a bath. (they had showers here), & then went out, running into Helmut the German boy from the Cambodge who had also gotten off in Colombo. We went with him & a Ceylonese fellow he'd met to see the Elephants get washed in some river. This was a nice ten minute bus ride.

At the river the mahouts very friendly urged us to ride an elephant, sit on its right knee, etc., which we smilingly did, & were then asked for two rupees. We soon discovered you don't get nothing from sheer friendliness in these parts. Afternoon later went to the "Temple of the Tooth" -- Dadala Madigawa -- a very nice looking white stone structure with a tile roof, handsome woodworking inside... the most celebrated Buddhist shrine in Ceylon. It enshrines a tooth of the Buddha, so they say. The Portuguese claim they looted the temple three centuries ago, took the tooth out and threw it away. The Buddhist claim that all they got was a fake tooth. I saw a plaster cast of the tooth enshrined at Kandy, & it was about two inches long & looked wicked. They must have made the Buddhas bigger & fiercer in them days.

At five pm I was inside the temple, shoes off and waiting with the worshippers to go past the casket of the tooth (the real thing itself is only shown once a year). After half an hour of drum beating and blowing on trumpets by men with sarongs & bare chests (looking & sounding like a Hollywood specktakl) we filed in, around, and through -- several hundred Ceylonese

& me -- and saw this big jewel encrusted casket on jewel crusted cushions & half hid by drapes, while big fat Bhikkus raked in flower & money offerings.

Walked back, stopping at the Silverdale Hotel for dinner --ordering a curry dinner and getting plate after plate of various curries, soup, curds (i.e., yogurt), crackers, sliced vegetables, so that Joanne started croaking doom & saying they had misunderstood what we'd ordered & would shortly be charging us a huge sum of money. When the bill came, it was exactly what we'd thought -- at the beginning -- about 22 cents. But so hot, our faces were bright red and tears streaming down our cheeks by the end of the meal. This was New Years Eve. but we couldn't even find a place to buy likker, and didn't know nobody, so walked on home to the Boy Scout Headquarters, to the sound of people drumming everywhere, in their houses (I never did find out just what the drumming was about) and fell asleep listening to the transistor radio from Japan (Joanne had received as a going away present from her National Electric Co. class).

On the first January 1962 took the bus a few miles and saw the finest botanical garden in the East, one of the finest Tropical Botanical gardens anywhere -- Peradeniya. They have every possible tropical tree & bamboo here, from all the Indies, South & Central America, Southeast Asia, Africa. Was started about a hundred years ago by the English. Long avenues of Talipot, Cabbage, and Palmyra Palms. Various aerial-root type trees, forming whole structures full of bats or monkeys, and some giant bamboo groves. Took us several hours to walk through it all. Afternoon went back to Kandy and climbed up into the jungle hills back of the Temple of the Tooth to look for the hut of a German monk, Nyanaponika Thero, we'd heard about. Walked various trails, watched wild monkeys, and discovered our ankles covered with leeches several times. Eventually located the Bhikku's place, called "Forest Hermitage" -- I had read a few of his pamphlets long ago. He is a sweet elderly fellow in his yellow robes with freckled skin & looks

like he might sunburn too easily for this climate. We spent the afternoon til it began to grow dark talking in his neat little cottage. He put leech medicine on our bleeding ankles. He had just finished a book for Rider and Co. (London) called The Heart of Buddhist Meditation which is out now -- based on the Hinayana Meditation on "mindfulness" called Satipatthana. He studied meditation for a while in Burma. Very sharp mind, as a matter of fact got a letter from him just today, as I am going to try & get a Kyoto bookseller to stock his Buddhist Publication Series of pamphlets.

III Anuradhapura

Next day by bus north out of Kandy, down to the plains, stopping at a town with a Buddhist cave on the hill (Dambulla) and again north -- our rucksacks up on the top of the bus -- ladder up the back -- to Anuradhapura. Into the dryer northwest section of Ceylon. Anuradhapura was one of the world's great cities, between 2nd century BC and 11th century AD. The dry part of Celon was watered by an elaborate system of canals and reservoirs in those days, and the City was ten miles or so across, capital of the Singhalese Kings. Combination of silting in the canals (from overcutting in the hilljungles around Kandy?) and invasions of Tamil-speaking peoples from South India, the Pandyan Kingdom, drove the Singhalese back from the plains into the hills, which are wet enough, but also very unhealthy. The population reverted somewhat, and went down in number, so that the people the Portuguese saw were but a figment of what had been a great civilization. Cevlon still doesn't have the population it did at its height. They are just now beginning to try & figure out how to put the canal & reservoir system back into use.

So, Anuradhapura, we found a Buddhist Pilgrims place to stay, and walked out, the biggest thing to be seen an enormous white stupa, over two hundred feet high, and lesser stupas here and there, with foundations and stone railings or posts scattered everywhere, remains of great buildings. All in white granite. Some of these with fragmentary carving on them, which we did rubbins & photographs.

Acres of close-cropped clean grasses, big trees, half-tame monkeys. Next to the site is a large large pond, fringed with lovely trees. A few pious Buddhists circumambulating the stupas. One of the stupas said to contain "the left collarbone of Lord Buddha." Almost a mile to the town proper, where meals are to be bought... Anuradhapura site is under the Archeological Survey, and all shops & businesses have been cleared out of it.

From Anuradhapura an all night trainride to Talaimannar, the ferry-port for India. Arriving at dawn. A stiff wind out, and nothing but a long golden sandy beach and palm trees to be seen, and the pier stretching out into the water. It took hours to go through customs (the Immigration officer, a big stocky fellow in shorts, looking at the form I filled in "occupation writer" asks me, "you a journalist? Going to write articles about India?" To which I laugh and say "What's the matter, you afraid that somebody write something about India?" but he was serious, and even though I told him I was a poet held up on stamping my passport for half an hour. I know he could not have refused us entrance, though, especially if I'd bitch.)

Fine white sand... yellow-green choppy waves -- lighthouse -- warm wind. Across the waters, and into the opposite port of Dhanushkodi, a few shacks on a sandpit, and a customs shed. It was nightfall when we were cleared through (having safely smuggled through our 2500 Rupees) and, the train came, backed out onto the sandspit, and a wild mob of people started fighting into it, climbing through windows etc. I don't know how we managed to get into it. There, in the back of one of the third class compartments, we found a white woman stretched out on a bench, who turned out to be an American missionary, and she sat up and shared her seat with Joanne. She

was an Assembly of God type who had been in the Field of India since 1937, a small village in the South. She spoke fluent Tamil. Said she'd lost two husbands in the mission work, the second one just last summer. I said Assembly of God is Pentecostal, isn't it? She says, yes, but not like some of the Pentecostals you've heard about.

IV South India

At 2 AM we got off the train in the town of Madurai, our first real place in India. Got into a Railway Retiring Room (most stations have four or five rooms with baths to rent about 5 rupees per 24 hours) and washed up, washed some clothes, and slept until dawn. We'd stopped in this town to see the Hindu temple of Minakshi, so off we walked in search of it. Not hard to find, as it had four towers close to 200 feet high, one in the middle of each wall. South India, people half-naked & barefoot, all talking Tamil or some other Dravidian language, palm trees everywhere, and cheap fruit, especially bananas. Minakshi temple is a temple to the wife of Shiva... enormous, must cover close to fifty acres. Walls within walls, the sanctuary at the center. "Madurai means SWEETNESS" ... was capital of the Pandyans... "Strabo states that a Pandya King sent an Ambassador in BC 27 to the Court of Augustus Caesar ... "We must leave our sandals at the entrance of the temple outer wall, pass through a Gopuram (tower) gate and past stalls of sandalwood image-sellers, devotional color prints, ... the walls and posts covered with stone carvings, girls, elephants, trees, vines, lions, snakes, and more girls. Joanne and I wandered and wandered, in and in farther, until we found ourselves in a procession going into the sanctum of Shiva wife Minakshi ("The fish-eyed one")... and were chased out by some indignant temple official. Somewhere sound of drums and trumpets, and rolling clouds of incense, such rich smell, the people with red dots and three ash streaks on their foreheads. Piety & devotion.

In the religious picture stalls they sell bright color prints of Shiva, Buddha (looking like a woman), Christ (holding his chest open showing a great drippy bleeding heart within) and Gandhi, with a halo.

Shiva is by far the most attractive, with his purple skin, a snake coiled around his neck and another cobra on his outstretched arm, long hair coiled up on his head, sitting in meditation posture with glorious Himalayan backdrop behind.

To give you an idea of the scene I quote from a piece of temple "Then one enters the Minakshi shrine. In the eastern inner prakara can be seen the statues of Tirumal Naik and his two wives. The Goddess Minakshi in the Sanctum Sanctorum is of enchanting beauty and grace. the north of this shrine is the separate shrine of Lord Sundareswara. The garbagriha is called Ashtagiri Vimana which is supported by eight Elephants on the four sides. In front of this shrine is the gold plated Dwajasthamba (flag staff) in what is called the Kambathadi Mantapa. In the pillars round the flagpost there are sculpural figures representing the wedding of Minakshi and Sundareswara, Gajananamurthi, Tripurantakamurthi, Dakshinamurthi, Ardhanariswara, Nataraja, Parvathi, Parameswara on the Rishpa (bull) and Kailas with Ravana.... Just inside the northern tower there are five music pillars of single stone with 22 sub-pillars each. Playing on these small pillars one can hear different musical sounds."

& this, being a living temple with modern worshipers, is all brightly painted colors, not just the plain old weathered stone.

V Pondicherry

That evening caught a third-class sleeping car on north bound for Pondicherry. Third-class sleeping means cars with huge ledges overhead, and a ledge that folds up and hooks on chains where the back was, above the usual bench seat, making in all a triple-tiered bunk arrangement for each seat. Luggage goes under the bottom seat or just on the aisle between the two facing benches (compartment style). We got into one of these and slept like Chinamen being sent back to China to die in our board bunks, until early morning, transferred to another train, and by 7 AM were nearing the coast.

Train we transferred to was a small, deserted local engine, and when we climbed into the third class car it looked like the compartment I got into was empty. Actually a couple of people were huddled across from us, under a big handspun shawl. I started to put my rucksack under the seat, and found a man sleeping there, so put it on the seat beside me. Joanne huddled up and slept some more, while I watched the pair across from us. They stirred and moved around some; it was a man with long hair, earrings, and a girl about twelve... when they threw back the shawl I saw both were dressed only in skimpy loincloths under the single shawl... she had large gold hoops in her ears, bangles on her wrists and anklets, and wild brownish hair down over her shoulders, looked as if it had never been combed... both were barefoot, and covered with dust, looked at Joanne and me with kind of vague wild curiosity... at the next stop they both got off on the wrong side of the train and walked off across the tracks and into a grove... They had been riding free, and were (as I came to know later) probably "tribal people", still thinking of themselves as members of a certain tribe, not necessarily Hindus, in fact still living rather primitive lives... they both had lovely faces.

Pondicherry was formerly a French enclave and when we got there, sure enough the policemen and train officials were speaking French. We took a bicycle rickshaw to the Head office of the Shri Aurobindo Ashram where we planned to stay.

An Ashram is a unique Indian institution, it is a religious community based around some teacher and branch of Hinduism;

the person of the teacher being very important. Not all Ashrams are actually religious -- the Gandhi ashrams & Vinoba Bhave ashrams are primarily aimed at combining a kind of spiritual communism with community service & social work. The Aurobindo ashram was founded sometime after world war I (I think) by Shri Aurobindo Ghose, a Bengali who had been educated from childhood on in England, returned to India and became a rabid nationalist, & then switched to yoga. He claimed to have founded a new type of yoga, "Integral Yoga" and heralded a new "Divine Life" on earth. From the midtwenties on he was assisted in his work by a woman known only as The Mother, whom I have been told was a French lady to begin with, who left her husband to live in Pondicherry. She came gradually to be the person actually running the Ashram, and Shri Aurobindo spent the last some years of his life in virtual seclusion. He died 1950. The Mother runs it all now. I had heard of Aurobindo some years ago around the Academy of Asian Studies. Frederick Spiegelberg was an Aurobindo fan, and they had a few copies of Aurobindo's huge book The Life Divine around. I don't want to go into his philosophy here, but it is a rather eclectic spirit-oriented system which has affinities with neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, as well as Vedanta, and it is not truly monistic, as Vedanta is, but rather belongs, it seems to me, in the class with antimatter Dualisms like Manichaeism, Nestorian Xtianity, some sorts of Gnosticism, & Catharites. I rather doubt that it is a truly Indian philosophy. Maybe if I read more on it I'll change my mind.

The Ashram is considered to be the best organized in India. It has supposedly 1300 members, all under the direct control of The Mother. They live in various buildings & houses owned by the Ashram (i.e., owned by The Mother) scattered through the old French section of Pondicherry.

"...a few things are strictly forbidden: they are -- (1) politics, (2) smoking, (3) alcoholic drink and (4) sex enjoyment" -- this applies only to actual inmates of the ashram, not guests (thank god!).

Now the funny thing is, to digress, that this absurd list

of prohibitions, once you are within India, seems less and less outrageous. The prohibition of politics is probably the one that would hurt most Indians most. But the rest of us might give up politics. As for smoking, Indian tobacco was so bad I quit smoking in India anyway, and haven't taken it up again yet. Alcohol is almost impossible to buy in India, rather expensive if you find it, and absolutely foul to drink. Actually illegal in many states. As for "sex enjoyment" (and they mean this to apply to married inmates of the ashram along with everyone else), practically all Indian semi-religious or religious traditional thought is in agreement on the notion that sexual activity of any sort is deletirious to Spiritual Progress. They call continence Brahmacharya, and it is considered a very Good Thing. One who practises continence, usually a married man who has taken a vow of continence, is called a Brahmacharin. Gandhi was a Brahmacharin, from something like 1914 on never slept with his wife, and urged all his followers to adopt similar practise. Somebody once taxed Gandhi with this saying "you became a Brahmacharin after you were all dried up anyway" -- to which he replied "my wife never looked so attractive to me, nor was my sexual potency ever as strong, as when I took the vow." Of course, a family man isn't supposed to do this until he's at least had a son.

The only exception to this view in religious circles is amongst the Shaivite-Shakti-tantric circles which people say still flourish in Orissa and Bengal, and practice sexual intercourse as a ritual designed (after long preparation) to hook everyday orgasm into the Cosmic Orgasm.

But Nobody (except the millions of peasants and untouchables) takes sex simply as sex, and leaves it at that. Anyway, anything that Gandhi urged is tantamount to an order to the semi-intelligentsia (except get along with Muslims).

To get back to Pondicherry, it is a lovely French looking town, deserted almost -- really dead but for the Ashram, facing on a long white beach, with warm gentle surf. On side alleys you notice the bristly long-snouted black pigs rooting

about, eating horrible garbage, and the hovels of the Scheduled Castes (i.e., untouchables) which make up a major portion of the population of South India.

Two little girls squatting on the cement rim of a canal, stark naked, taking craps, talking to each other all the while, the yellow shit sort of dribbling down the edge of the cement, then up they jump & run off playing.

Secretary at the Ashram Headquarters sent us in a bike rick to a place called Parc-a-charbon, right by the sea, where we were to stay a few nights. We got a little room with two wooden cots, actually sort of boxes with drawers underneath put your gear in, and hasps for padlocking, a thin mattress on top, and a wood frame over it with a mosquito netting. A table, a chair, and a big earthenware waterpot in the corner, damp all over, the water inside cool from the constant evaporation.

We were the only people living here but for a Cambodian Buddhist monk, some lay Yogins, and the man who was caretaker for the building (a converted godown from French merchant days) who was a large goodnatured fellow with elephantiasis of one leg & hence had smelly wet bandages wrapped around it all the time & couldn't go far because it was so hard to walk. His room was covered with pictures of The Mother.

We got to see the Mother the next morning early, at her "Darshan." Darshan is another big Indian thing, it simply means appearance, or presence. Underlying it is a belief that you don't need to be instructed or led by a Holy person, just by proximity or seeing them you are immeasurably benefited. So The Mother appears every morning about 6:15 AM on the balcony of her house, and three or four hundred people gather on the street below. She comes out, looks at everybody slowly in big circles, then looks up and out and goes into "a meditative trance" -- eyes open, body shifting from time to time. Then, smiling a bit, she looks at everybody once more, and backs off the balcony. She has gauzy silk scarf over her head and brow, and a kind of t wenties-ish elegance. A real production. & she must be close to her eighties.

Her age doesn't seem to worry the ashram people, though.

A girl from Canada named Beverly Siegerman who has been at the ashram three years told us that the Mother would never die, and that by a gradual process of physical-spiritual transformation some of the other people around the ashram would live forever too. The goal is that mankind becomes, in time, entirely transmuted, lives immortally and sexlessly. Some of the people there are quite intelligent, but for their acceptance of some of these doctrines. That's India for you. There is a staggering amount of Aurobindo literature in English, all published right in Pondicherry by ashram workers. The POINT is, though, from my standpoint, that there was no practice of any kind -- study, meditation, etc. to be seen there. & this is what I am always looking for. no matter how ridiculous a theory or doctrine may be, it may have associated meditation exercises which are pragmatically quite good. Aurobindo ashramites seem to exist entirely on a devotionand-faith basis, "open yourself to the influence of the Mother". This also can be a valid path (i.e., devotion and submission) but it requires a very critical study of doctrine.

VI Tiruvannamalai

We stayed five days in Pondicherry, mostly because the food was healthy, the ocean breezes pleasant, and it gave us a good chance to wash clothes, get our bearings, and ask various people questions about India. Before daybreak on January 11 we caught a ricketty bus, rucksacks on top, for the inland town of Tiruvannamalai.

from journal of that day:

- --small figures in the dawn squat in dry riverbeds.
- --a mysterious gob of carrion flew into the bus and caught on a window-rail.
- --surf rolling up on the Pondicherry sands, "white town" and "black town" canoes in breakers, netting fish a few minutes walk from the "perfect society" the squalor and mud

huts, dark people little girls naked but for a shiny metal triangle hung over the vulva, on a string. Nose-holes, three or four ear-holes, even little babies wear jewelry.

Black pigs wallowing and rummaging. They look the best-adjusted.

--grey hairy waterbuffaloes with sweep-back horns and low-slung ears. White frill-necked Brahmin bulls.

Bougainvillea flowers.

By noon we were in Tiruvannamalai, headquarters of another ashram, the Shri Ramana Maharshi Ashram. This is a stony landscape, the town dominated by a high barren hill behind, "Arunachala" -- sacred to Shiva. A very large hindu temple is at the foot of the hill, with its many Gopuram towers. Around to the south, also at the foot of this hill, is the Maharshi's ashram. Here we were met by an Englishman, Arthur Osborne, & his Czech wife. Osborne & his wife have a house hard by the ashram. He is an Oxford-educated philosophically bent man in his fifties or sixties, who has been in India since before the war. Came out as a "seeker". Ramana Maharshi, who has been dead since the early fifties, was the man Osborne hit on, and became the biographer of. He has several books out, mostly published by Rider & Co., not only on Maharshi but on Hinduism & Indian History.

Ramana Maharshi was a genuine Jnana-yogin (adept of wisdom-yoga, as compared with devotional-yoga) who became totally enlightened without any great effort while still a young man. He went up on Arunachala mountain and lived in a cave by a spring for many years, then a few of his followers built an ashram for him at the foot of the hill. He was apparently a very sweet person, talking very little and having almost no teaching method or even, interest in teaching. He had a pet cow named Lakshmi, he shaved his head and beard once every forty days, never wore anything but a loincloth, and spent much of his time in blissful trance. He knew no English. His one approach was to tell everyone to ask the question "Who?" to themselves. Who feels? Who thinks? Who suffers? Who wants salvation? Who asks who? People who are existentially

bugged and meditate steadily on this Who for a while are bound to get some insights, I believe it myself -- in fact Maharshi is the closest to Zen method of any Hindu yoga.

Once, the story goes, a cobra came into the stone hall where Ramana spent his later days, and slightered right over his legs. On being asked how he had felt, after the cobra went away, he replied in one word: "cool."

The Osbornes put us up in a little room on top of their house, from which we could look about the landscape, and through a mass of Bougainvillea up toward Arunachala. We had our lunches at the Ashram dining hall, sitting crosslegged on the stone floor, putting a platter of a few leaves stitched together with fiber before us on the floor. A server came along and put rice on the platter, then another fellow came and poured some curry sauce and some ghee on the rice, and put a brass cup of water down. This we ate with our right hands. Afterwards the leaf platter is thrown away, and one washes his hand at a faucet outside. After the meal coffee is served, in a brass cup. South Indians always drink coffee -- mixed with milk and lots of sugar, and poured back and forth between two brass pots until it gets frothy. The south Indian curries are very hot, but never actually inedible, and in a way rather fun. The dining hall had about thirty people eating, loincloth dressed sadhus with long hair, laymantype ashramites with white dhoti or sari, and a Swiss lady in white sari. Many old pictures of Ramana Maharshi on the walls, including one giant portrait of him standing by his cow Lakshimi. Since Maharshi is no longer there, it is the aura of his previous presence which brings people here, or as the Ashram pamphlet describes it --

"Saturated with the Benign Presence of Sri Maharshi the Asramam confers the unequalled blessing of peace, bliss, and happiness to the devotee, whatsoever the religion he may profess. Many devotees gather morning and evening in the old hall and in front of the Samadhi (tomb) for silent meditation and prayer..."

Also in the afternoon a bunch of little Brahman boys get Vedachanting practise, which we went to hear, and it was indeed moving to hear the melodic syllables of the Vedas even from these little kids. Sanskrit is a magical language.

Osborne had a lot of interesting old-India-hand holy-man-circuit gossip. Next day Joanne and I climbed up to the cave where Maharshi had lived 25 years, and got a good view out over the South India landscape -- long rocky plains with great boulders lying on them, occasional watered villages with palm groves, little paddy fields with peasants irrigating from deep tanks or wells by ox-pull bucket & pulley arrangements, and to the west, the fantastically jagged shapes of the Eastern Ghats (I think that's what they were). The land there is pretty dry and rocky -- the monsoon waters it, and water is caught in artificial ponds.

All around Tiruvannamalai are remains of ancient reservoirs and building foundations. Like so much of India, past glory was greater. We went, that afternoon on a pradakshina, or holy circumambulation, around Arunachala. Whenever you circumambulate something (in Buddhism, a stupa, a chorten, a pagoda, or a meditation hall, also a mountain) it is always done clock-wise, keeping the object on your right. Good thing to know. Anyhow Mrs. Osborne assured us that the merit of circumambulation would be enhanced immensely if we went barefoot. So we did, all seven miles of it, mostly on gravel & asphalt road. My feet didn't begin to feel sore until the last mile, & Joanne's didn't hurt her at all.

Mrs. Osborne wore white sari, and was constantly being greeted by peasant women along the way. She speaks very good Tamil, it seems (which is rare -- everyone says Tamil is terribly difficult, and few foreigners know it, whereas everyone in northern India who's been there a year or so can speak Hindi). She was great friends with peasants because she is a homeopathic medicine expert and gives treatments free. Homeopathic medicine, which is pretty much in line

with the old Ayurvedic medicine, is very popular in India, among educated folks too.

Cows begin to creep up on you here. Like the ashram pamphlet says -- "The resonant chant of the Vedas by the pupils and the gentle looks of the cows of several breeds enchant the visitor, Indian and other." and as for Lakshmi (who in real life is the wife of Vishnu), they say "she was unusually attached to Sri Bhagavan, and...attained liberation by Sri Bhagavan's (i.e., Lord Maharshi) Special Grace at the time of her death." They are, when well kept, the most beautiful cows in the world. Even Marco Polo remarked on this in his Travels, speaking of the Oxen of Rudnabar, which were white Brahmins, "They are the loveliest things in the world to look at." (I remembered all this out of my head.)

I don't quote all this to make fun of Maharshi's place because it had the nicest feeling of any ashram in South India, and was one of our pleasantest stops. Disciples are never up to the masters, in these situations.

We were moving on something of a schedule, and couldn't stay longer there, so at 4:30 next morning we were up, caught a tonga (horse-wagon) into the bus station (which is a shit-strewn field) and were off for the city of Madras. A six-hour ride, through arid plains and fields of dry brush, trees and rocks, expect for the few irrigated paddies.

Palm fringing stonefield crows & a white bird circle

VII Madras

August 15, 1962. A lapse on account of vacation trip skindiving & motorcycling along Japan Sea. Motorcycles are really great to travel around on.

The instant we got off the bus in Madras we were hit by one of those common-in-India circumstances that can drive you frantic: an enormous press of bicycle-rickshaw drivers all insisting you ride with them. & you know that none of them can be trusted to give you an honest price or even a direct ride to where you want to go. They were so numerous and quarrelsome that after a few minutes we shouldered our packs in disgust and decided to walk to the main Railway Station -which I knew couldn't be far. Asking a few people on the way we located it and took a Retiring Room, then set out to find the Tourist Bureau to get some maps, pamphlets, & information. After considerable searching (the street-numbering system worked on principles I couldn't grasp) found it -- and it was closed. So we fell into a bookstore, picked up a few pamphlets, and noticed a copy of Kerouac's Scripture of the Golden Eternity in the Hinduism section, and later Joanne found a copy of Howl (city lights edition) in the art section. It was one of the three or four best bookstores we saw in India, as it turned out later. There are lots of fine books on Indian history, art, and anthropology published in India, sold cheap, and never distributed outside the country. I picked up a few from time to time.

Madras is a nicely aspected town, clean by Indian standards, modern, and quite progressive. Many people in the Madras area speak English -- considerably more than in the northern Hini-speaking regions. The reason is that Tamil, Telugu, and Kannada are such difficult and exotic languages that from some time ago English became the second language of all semi-educated or educated South Indians, not only for purposes of communicating with the British, but for talking to people from Bengal, West or North India. Now that Hindi is supposed to be the official language, people in North India have quit studying English and quit using it in the various public ways they used to. The South Indians are being urged to study Hindi as a second language by the Government now, but they still feel that English is a preferable second language i.e. more internationally useful, and are hostile toward the north, "New Delhi" anyhow -- the old Aryan Vs. Dravidian argument, and a new southern Dravidian nationalism which is anti-Sanscritization of their South Indian culture. This is a big political issue. So it's easier for travellers in the south than the north. Another thing is, of course, that the Muslim influence was much less in the south than the north. The temples, and traditional Hindu social customs, are less disturbed.

All the restaurants visible to the eye in Madras were vegetarian -- in fact, Madras vegetarian cooking is famous all over India we later found out. So we picked out one, found a table up on the roof, under the sky and surrounded by plants and people, and ordered the regular 2 rupee vegetarian dinner. We were served course after course, all we could eat of each, including two kinds of chapatties and rice, curds and banana for dessert, and a guid of betel nut each at the end. It's enough to make you become a vegetarian. A great breakfast is south Indian masala dosa -- a sourdough tortilla-like thing, filled with vegetables -- and eaten with a delicious sauce -- with south Indian coffee. 7 The sidewalks in India seem to be covered with gobs and splashes of blood, which is betel juice. Call pan, it is really a mixed confection. What you get is a number of ground spices, the broken-up chunks of betel (areca) nut, and a dab of lime, rolled up in a special kind of leaf. The whole thing is stuck in the mouth and pretty soon you start to drool red. You can swallow the juice too. It tastes like chewing on cloves and allspice, and is supposed to be good for the stomach. It has no narcotic effects, and all I can see it does is make your lips and teeth red and give your mouth a sweet spicy flavour. If it weren't so messy from all the spitting it would be a very civilized practice.

After dinner we walked back to our room and washed up, washed clothes, and ate a dozen bananas. Next morning I set out with a cookpot to buy some curds, being hungry for an Aurobindo-ashram type breakfast -- it was dark still -- and after looking up and down a lot of filthy alleys found a curds-seller fresh from the country with earthenware pots full of it, and bought about a quart. We made a big mixture of curds, torn up bits of bread, sliced banana, and sugar, and

ate it all.

Walking in those early morning dawnlight streets must be careful, not to bump into people defecating in the gutters, or step in numerous fresh cow and human turds. Cows seem much nicer than people when it comes to shit and breath.

All I wore on my feet was either rubber Japanese zoris, or leather Indian chappals (which is like a zori pretty much) except for rare occasions put on high-top Japanese lug-soled hiking shoes made of nylon canvas -- so one must be careful of his feet.

We had a contact in Madras, looked up and it turned out to be a young half-German half-Indian girl, whose German mother ran a day-school. Her name was Gita Sharma. She took us to a magnificent dance recital the next night, in celebration of the South Indian harvest festival, pongal, which takes place in mid-January. The dancers were two sisters about 17 who were from a well-to-do traditional family. The recital lasted a good three hours, and was really impressive. One sister was much better than the other, only in the confidence and pleasure she radiated, for both of them did identical motions throughout.

Formerly dancing was the domain of the devadasis, temple girls, who were also "temple prostitutes", so it has been only recently that studying dance has come to be accepted as a socially acceptable study for young ladies of good family. In ancient times, around Sakyamuni's period, music-playing and dance was permissible to the well-born. Somewhere in between it lost caste.

The following day, 15 January, was Go-puja, Cow-worship day. Cows painted in pretty colors & decorated with flowers were to be seen about. Joanne and I took the bus to Mahaballipuram this day to see the celebrated seven shrines, cave temples, and shore temple, at this site -- dating from the 11th century -- right on the seacoast. This place is thirty or

so miles south of Madras, in a very deserted area. At one time apparently the seaport was here (Madras as a city was founded by the British, and has no natural harbor -- ships anchor well offshore and everything is brought in by launch). It was hot like summer. Many fine carved reliefs illustrating Hindu myths. The complex of temple-caves and shrines was inspired by a mile-long outcropping of fine white granite, so that the shrine buildings are not built out of stone, but just carved out of the living rock. A celebrated relief called "Arjuna's penance" is here: carved on a cliff, it is 100 feet long and 40 feet high and filled with hundreds of figures and animals, including two larger-than-life size elephants.

The shore temple is a small, delicately built temple on a spit of land being eaten away by the sea. Another few hundred years, unless lots of retaining wall is built, and it may be swallowed up.

notes from journal:

To Mahabalipuram up at 5:30, walk out in the dark, pick way through cowdung, along gypsy settlement, sidewalk homes, three or four clay pots, three rock-fireplace, some rags to sleep under.

Wrong bus, so didn't get there until 12:30.

Stone representations of forms which were originally in wooden architecture. Cut in solid granite outcrop, alongside the sea. A stretch of shorepine and sand dunes between the rocks and the water.

That evening went to Agricultural Exhibit back in Madras. The American pavilion clean & goodlooking, some American farm experts had figgered out tools to be made of local materials by village blacksmiths good & cheap, and they were showing how to use them -- a type of harrow, and an irrigation-channel digger. Lots of new hybrid-corn species being pushed in India too, some done by back-breeding with primitive Amerindian corn. New one called "Deccan".

The German pavilion was all about cows and dairying. Indian cows are lousy milk producers, it seems.

/notes/from Madras -- Policemen's hats like plaid turban with sort of vane on the top. Dust crusted around the anus of a beggar-girl's show baby.

Public toilets have a picture of a man and a picture of a woman, to show sides.

VIII Bhubaneswar-Konarak

On the seventeenth of January we caught a night train from Madras, third-class reserved bogy, bound north along the Bay of Bengal coast toward Calcutta. The seats are wood bench, so we pad them, time to stretch out and sleep. During the night stretched out on the seat and luggage rack above. Our bogy wasn't crowded at first, so that night sleeping was easy. Canteen full of halazoned water hung on a coathook by the bench. Rucksacks overhead and under the seat. Morning, we were running through barren landscape with occasional boulders & palms; rarely a paddy field or dusty little village. Hills along the western horizon all the way. Breakfast, bought at a stop, of grahamflour patties called puris with a kind of sauce, served in a cup made of sewn leaves, and cups of boiled tea, milk & sugar all in it. All that day riding (about 25 miles an hour average I figure, counting in stops), and all the next night. About dawn after the second night we got off at Bhubaneswar. Daylight. We had passed through the state of Andhra Pradesh, & were now in Orissa. A flat plain of minimum fertility. At one time this had been a kingdom and a cultural center of its own; around Bhubaneswar are numerous Hindu temples, some of the most beautiful in India. We took a bicycle rickshaw to the government-operated tourist bungalow, which stood alone in a wide field, and were given a clean room with cement floor and bathroom in back, as usual. Could see the towers of temples about a mile off, over

cowpastures, so after eating some bread & bananas & tea took off on foot and spent the day exploring some lovely pinkstone architecture & carving, some cave-temples on the outskirts of town which had been once occupied by Jain monks. The main temple, the Lingaraj, was closed to non-Hindus and I couldn't get in. We were walking along the wall of this giant temple compound and a little boy came up and led me to the police station, where they were holding my light meter (the one Harold gave me) and asking if it was mine. Seems I had left it on a stone at the Jain caves (five miles away) and an Indian boy had picked it up and traced me to the Lingaraj temple, and brought it over. I hadn't even missed it. Nobody knew what it was. I gave the boy a reward -- most grateful -- although I know it wasn't honest that made him bring it in, simply that he didn't know what it was and knew that there would be no market for it anywhere except back to the owner. Cameras are almost non-existent in India.

journal notes:

train, miles of dry, almost bare baked hard ground crissed by cow or people paths -- lone trees -- villages, cone or pyramid thatch roof, truly mud walls -- pictures painted on the doorstep every morning, and designs drawn around the doorway, in white and red & blue, mixed in a cowdung and water medium.

These temple towers more spiritual & virile than south Indian gopurams.

19. I to Konarak

/early morning India/ -- still dark -- mysterious PA systems switch on bazaar, hot Hindu music, ragas drone, girl voice pours out. Streets opening -- haircuts at 6 AM, milk coffee thrown between brass cup and bowl -- bullock cartwheel climbs up and falls over grinding through cowpies -- cows dribble shit -- tail arched, as they lurch forward, the yoke caught on the neck before the hump.

bony calves straggle after their mothers, deprived of milk -- which is sold (Gandhi quit milk thus) -- dim huddled figures squat through the landscape, shitting off curbs and dikes and paths between paddy fields -- by trees -- & gangly bodies head and shoulder wrapped in once-white cloth are treading proudly nowhere, stand straight along the railroad tracks or tanks or cart roads -- pacing from green coconut juice to a sandalwood paste spot between the eyes -- women bend down laying white powder lines, intricate arabesque and floral designs before the doorway, streetdirt pattern -- to keep out forest spirits, someone said.

The sun half-round and giant red swims in a purplish dust-haze horizon far down miles of cowpath & dry pasture, barren rock hills weird boulder shapes, no water ever worked those rocks over, -- catch light, the first cows in the road -- Hi! people yells; nobody moves but treads or ambles. Even the bus with its rubber-bulb corkscrew curl brass honker sounds like a cow -- they all move down the dust cloud path. Tea and coffee stall kerosene lamps dim out as the sun hits with instant warmth on the whole flat world.

Konarak: far off from the ledge of the temple tower, I cld see sandy beaches and sea. To the south, from the adjoining math (monastery) come sounds of worship, like a party gone wild with beating rhythms on pans and gongs — this math worships sunya, emptiness, the only known Hindu place left that does — a clear hangover from the days when Orissa was all Buddhist, and emptiness was everywhere —

naked couples making it in the difficult ledges and cornices where they can hardly be seen. Once a river and a seaport here, but the Sun Temple and the Lord of the Universe (at Puri) couldn't keep the river from silting up, change course, and sand from creeping in from the ocean, over miles of once-cultivated land.

Busride to Konarak from a big tree in front of the Lingaraj temple. Thru real hinterland. Mud and wattle bamboo used as rafters in the thatch. Doorframes set and plastered into the mud walls.

The erotic elements at Konarak are strangely subdued, when seen in context of the structure's mass. In frieze after frieze, girls kneeling sucking a man off, while he embraces a second girl, standing.

-- Each time one moves in on a new temple one strains to grasp the layout/scheme of it all, while appreciating details of sculpture and decoration. Aesthetic pleasure as a grasp and delight in grasping created form. But something more -- the form moves toward something: in the south Indian temple, gopurams (towers) are on the outmost wall, and diminish in size in the inner walls as they approach to the center. The temple is always receding from you. In north India the biggest tower is at the center, over the holiest spot.

Culture as a matter of "style" that pervades. Why does a tribe or caste cling to a certain color and design in its clothes, jewelry, pottery?

IX Calcutta

For pictures & article about Konarak see Evergreen Review #9. That night we went back to the RWy station and took the train on for Calcutta. All night sitting up, hunched over, Joanne in a parka, I with sleeping-bag cover draped over me, getting chilly for the first time. Calcutta by daybreak. Taxicab to the Mahabodhi Society headquarters, a Buddhist society, where they gave us a room. We stayed here five days.

Calcutta is an incredibly grim, dirty, poverty-striken place. But we had lodgings, and needed some time to catch up on things -- went to Tourist Bureau and got information for the

next stages of the journey; Nepalese consulate & got visa for Nepal; Calcutta Museum, full of splendid statuary including most of the railings from the great Buddhist centre of Barhut; an evening & dinner at the home of Buddhadeva Bose, one of Bengal's leading modern poets and publisher of magazine (in Bengali), Kavita. Big pro-and con- discussion on whether modern Indian poets should write in English or their native tongue. Bengali poets are convinced they are the best Indian poets. & have the best Indian language for poetry. They are also still hung up on Tagore, who I think is a drag in English, but they said he is infinitely better in Bengali, to which I replied he'd better be. Bose, his wife, his daughter & his sonin-law all jolly people, drinking whiskey and talking international intellectual gossip. How lonesome such people must feel (with a certain nostalgia about the British even) unless they can turn again, losing themselves in India's present day culture & problems.

With pleasure left Calcutta on the evening of January 26, in a third class compartment full of crazy Punjabi muslims going back home, a mountain of luggage.

X Bodh Gaya

Riding the "Up Doon Express" -- Joanne slept on newspapers in the aisle, I sat crosslegged over bundles. 6 AM in the town of Gaya, Joanne and me off. Still six miles to Bodh Gaya, the place where Sakyamuni Buddha achieved enlightenment. Outside the Gaya station, first sight of Tibetans, camped in the shelter of an old building under a verandah roof. Droopy wine-red coats tied up at the waist, felt and leather boots. They have indeed the famous warm "rancid yak butter" smell, mixed with old leather -- not unpleasant! And they are dirty with long greasy hair and heavy jade or turquoise jewelry. The weather noticibly cooler here than it was in the south, Joanne was wearing a shawl she'd bought

in Calcutta, and me my sweaters.

notes from Journal:

25. I. Bodh Gaya

Rickshaws push around -- but we want to take the bus from Gaya to Bodh Gaya -- after walking a turn round the square before the RR station, and seeing no bus-stop place, we have tea (next to a man neatly preparing to make up the day's supply of betel to sell -- washing off the mixing board, and bronze utensils shiny and ready) -- Joanne takes a double portion of milk tea in her tall white enamel cup, then I go look back of the brick shed where the Tibetans are sacked out -- husky ragged-haired kid far taller than me, can't make out if it's a girl or boy -- mukluklike boots, he looks and smiles at me -- I walk over a floor of people rising and dressing in hunks of sheepskin, tattered felt, rough chunks of silver and heavy beads -long hair, the mens' uncombed forever; the womens' worked into braid or coils. Through them, and beyond, still no sign of where to catch a bus. Then one Indian comes up and asks what I want. I say the bus to Bodh Gaya. He leads me back across the square to the train depot inside, and up to the tourist information bureau -it is open now. I go in and there is a young fellow behind a desk talking to a pair of yellowrobed bhikkus. I ask where do you catch the bus for Bodh Gaya? He says: The bus stand. And that is abt a mile away, pay 4 annas for a cycle-rickshaw. I go back outside and ask the first cycleshaw boy that comes up how much to the bus stand? 4 annas? he says o.k. But he gets lost as I push over to the tea-stand where I left Joanne and our two rucksacks perched on an upturned bench spotted with crowdroppings from the tree above, a rookery. (Why do crows like trains? The third trainstation I ve seen since ceylon with a rookery nearby). We pick up our gear and start arguing about fare with another cycleshaw. A Tibetan lama suddenly appeared with a huge smile saying "six

annas." Then I spied the boy who tagged me as I came out of the station, and he again said 4 annas, so off we go with him, Joanne & me both, & two rucksacks. Finally the Bus stand. The bus (with all signs written in the Devanagri script, hence incomprehensible) is empty. We get in. The time is now about 7 AM. The bus is supposed to leave at 7:30, but at 7:10 the bus pulls out (we are eating funny sweet cakes), and after a bit of wriggling about town we are pulling in at the RR station again! ten or 15 Burmese Bhikkus load aboard. Back then to the Bus stand and 7:30 departure. Passing along the road, and along the Lilajan river. Pony cart-loads of Tibetans.

At the edge of Bodh Gaya village the bus stops and the driver says "Burmese temple" -- the bhikkus clamber out. A long discussion, Burmese layman interpreting, between the Bhikkus and the driver -- at length the driver climbs back aboard. A Bhikku comes back up to his window asking "are you satisfied?"

A short ways to Bodh Gaya village, narrowing and dirty, houses and road turn and up a hill, the bus halts under a tree. Mahabodhi temple tower on one side, a tentcamp of Tibetans on the other. Finding the Mahabodhi society building -- two Bhikkus, one old and toothless, speaking a sweetly formal English says "I was a Civil Servant in Ceylon, I became a Bhikku in the evening of my life." The other, his superior, is younger, darker, and speaks less English. They give us a whole hall to sleep in, with one side being rooms full of Tibetans (doors opening on the outside) and on the other, the Bhikkus in oneroom and a Ceylonese brother and sister in the other. The rest of the day we spend here -- napping in our sleeping bags spread out on mats on the concrete.

Rising late in the afternoon, we went out to buy vegetables, built a small brick fireplace in the backyard, and cooked a ghee-vegetable stew, hot with chilis, fired by awful trash, to eat with fresh heavy round loaves of Tibetan home-baked bread from Tent-bakeries in the campground next to the Tibetan Temple. Then, in the end of the hall,

to read a while and early sleep.

Bodh Gaya is part normal Hindu village, and part Archeological site cleaned up by the Indian Government, with the Hinavana and Tibetan pilgrim throngs camped around it. After many years of litigation the Mahabodhi society has control of the temple itself, which dates back to 6th century, although from the time of the decline of Buddhism on it was under control of a local Hindu monastery. Tibetans are doing circumambulation (pradakshin) around it day and night, whirling their prayer wheels. In the shrine room itself you can hear simultaneously the chanting of Lamas and Bhikkus, each in his own style and language. At the foot of the tower, in the back, is the Bodhi-tree, descendant of the original. At night the Tibetans from the local Tibetan temple did puja (worship) here, with burning ghee lamps. The Thai and Chinese also have temples, each in their own architectural style. It was cool and even rained once in Bodh Gaya. The last morning before we left I got up early and went and sat behind the Bodhi tree a while.

XI Nalanda-Patna

27 January, we caught busses north, about 5 hours riding, to the tiny town of Nalanda, site of the ancient Nalanda University -- headquarters of Mahayana Buddhist philosophers between the sixth and twelfth centuries -- and a "New Nalanda University" teaching Buddhist philosophy in several languages to laymen and Bhikkus & lamas. Claude Dalenburg had given us a contact here -- a Japanese man teaching & studying. We met him, and he got us into the guest room of the school immediately, and arranged for us to eat with those students who didn't cook their own food but ate in a common mess. Vegetarian, of course.

This school has about 60 students, from Ceylon, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, South Viet Nam, Japan, Tibet, & India.

Almost all are monks. The graduate students, working in Pali or Sanskrit, are very sharp, scholarly types -- in fact, most Buddhist monks from those countries these days seem to be scholars. We stayed four or five days at Nalanda. The first day we went to the ruins of the ancient city of Rajagriha, about 6 miles away, in a curious basin formed by a circle of steep hills, which was the capital city of the kingdom of Magadha, a powerful kingdom in the time of the Buddha. Today there is nothing left of it but the ruins of some outer walls and some footings, the rest is scrub jungle, monkeys, rocks. It all looks so arid now, that one can hardly believe the old literature which described it as well-watered, and the surrounding countryside covered with groves of trees -- especially mango groves. A terrible deforestation went over India, one of the reasons it was a richer country 1000 years ago than it is now.

Part of the problem is goats -- around the base of every tree the government plants along the roadside or wherever, an elaborate guard fence must be made, usually of brick or an old oil drum.

In the basin of old Rajagriha climbed up a hill and saw the cave where the Buddha lived many years after his enlightenment, a place called "Vulture Peak." Also another cave where the First Council was held a few years after the Buddha's death; and a Japanese Buddhist temple at the foot of the hills, where a tiny priest with big eyes and soft dark eyebrows, a Nichirensect Japanese has been living for years beating on his Lotus Sutra Drum.

29 January, the following day, spent at the nearby ruins of Nalanda, and the archeological museum, the museum Curator, Mr. Sen, was very nice to us; took us through the excavations and later we had coffee with him & his wife -- nice Indian educated people with deep interest in Buddhism, although by tradition Hindu -- he had a theory that deforestation caused, among other things, homosexuality (his example was the case of Baluchistan, which was once a lush mother-goddess wor-

shipping agricultural region & is now pastoral desert, with celebrated queer fighting men, maybe like the Pathans, too.)

The Nalanda site is notable for the number of buildings, each on a similar plan, open center courtyard with outer rim of cells for the monks. Apparently were 4 or 5 stories high. The brick walls are a good 6 feet thick. They had no arch, so doorways are lintelled or corbelled.

While studying through this, Rhikku Ghosananda, a charming Cambodian, came over the fields holding his robe over his head, and climbed the high Chaitya to join us, then led us out across some farmland to view a statue of Marichi (" Mother of the Buddhas") a big stone slab half leaning over in a field -- exotic Mahayana Goddess, barebreasted (as they all are), holding a noose, a flower, a sword, and riding a flock of pigs, haloed in fire. Close-grained gray stone;

from there we walked through an Untouchable village, to the noise of a squealing pig getting shaved. The village was very neat and clean, although the houses were smaller, and made with poorer materials, than the usual village. The people looked at us with very interested friendly faces.

That evening, by request, I gave a talk on Zen training to the students at the university who were interested -- about 25

people came, including the Museum curator & his wife. Lots

of questions afterwards.

Flowers in bloom: cosmos, chrysanthemum, calendula, marigold. Marigold are very commonly made into wreaths, or offered on platters to deities and Buddhas.

Another evening, with interpreter, talking to nine young Tibetan refugee lamas, they say "Wherever we go we will never forget our religion."

By bus, in the afternoon, to Patna. Joanne had a sudden attack of the runs on the bus, but managed to stave it off til we hit a rest stop, took lots of enterovioform, and we got into Patna

that evening with no embarrassments. Stayed at the Dak Bungalow, ate at a little "meals hotel" across the street. (Jai Hind). Bright red sunset behind distant trees.

Patna, the ancient Pataliputra, on the banks of the Ganges, the present city is a combination of Muslim influence and the Opium warehouses established here by the British as part of the Nepal-China opium trade. Good museum; notes on it read from journal 2 Feb 1962,

Patna museum -- Yakshi half-sphere breasts, hard black stone worked like bronze; horseman mustache, Central Asian Buddha. Many arms. Design dangles over the pelvis; circle of flowers. Hands holding bow, sword, flower, vase, noose, vajra. All acting at once; trampling something underfoot.

And a quote I copied from a newspaper article, by Mr. Ram Manohar Lohia, head of the Indian Socialist party: "What I have in mind is a single party with the single-minded aim of the new socialism, that is as revolutionary as it is non-violent, as steeped in world views as in nationalism; and a propellor of all the revolutions now going on in the world."

XII Nepal

How to get to Nepal overland from Patna: cross the Ganges at Mahendraghat, take train to Muzaffarpur, then train to Sagauli, change & take train to Raxaul, on the border, and another train to Amlesganj, in Nepal; Bus from there to Kathmandu.

3 pm we left from Mahendraghat in a coal-burning fire-tubebuilder paddlewheel ferry. Not only across but upriver a good ways. Square tin kerosene-can mud-and-rod coal stoves on the after third class deck, men making patties and deep-fat frying. A crowd of dhoti-dressed mustached sooty unconcerned men.

Onto the train, in a compartment with a dusty little low-caste family, the mother in a ragged gray sari, with a little 2-year old girl with only a shirt on, dusty hair, crying -- Joanne gave her a banana and she stopped -- all night on the trains, slow & grimy. At 5 AM in Raxaul, & the moon rising just ahead of the sun (the great conjunction of planets was approaching). We walked across the border to the Nepali train, where the Indian emigration official didn't want to clear us out of the country, said he didn't have time. A leather-jacketed bearded European type jumped out of the train & said he'd just fixed his passport & why couldn't he fix ours. So the man did. Then the train started up, a really narrow-gauge, no glass in the windows, and full of Tibetans heading back for the hills. We pulled along for two and one-half hours at about 7 miles an hour, through terai jungle.

Then into a strange cross between a truck and a bus, and a 12 hour ride up to 9000 feet and back down again on the wildest twistiest road I' ve ever been on. At 3 pm that afternoon (3 February) all the visible planets plus the moon and sun went into conjunction and the whole Indian nation was convinced the world would be destroyed. The Brahman priests had been giving sacrifices and rituals for some days previous all over the country. So naturally we looked out the windows as we passed through some snow on the ground to see if the world looked any different.

Nepal has really intensively cultivated land; ricefield terraces up terribly steep hills, and farms perched on the edge of abysses. Erosion is a problem here too. We really felt excited as we crossed over the pass, and could see across range after range of farther blue hills, above that white clouds, and above those, the Great Himalaya, so high in the sky and so far away. The Tibetan men spontaneously broke into a song as the bus started downhill again, the sun about to set, the

air quite cold, and the snowpeaks to wering far across the valley. The visible peaks at that point, as I found out on later research, were Annapurna, Maccha Pucchara, Himalchuli, Manaslu, Ganesh Himal, Langtang, Gosainthan, Dorje Lopke, Dhurbi Dhyaku, and the Everest group.

Into Kathmandu at night, were told where the cheapest hotel was and walked to it, close by, called The Himalaya Hotel. It was so filthy and rat-infested that the next day we moved to a hotel a cut better. The town was very quiet, and most shops were closed, because everyone was inside awaiting the end of the world. The planets were in conjunction for almost three full days and all that time people were scared.

Kathmandu looks rather medieval European, with narrow streets, two storied brick houses with overhanging balconies, often carved wood decoration on the second floor windows. The Nepali are distinctive from both Indians and Tibetans (all three types live in Nepal, along with some other sub-hill-cultures.) They wear little black caps, tight trousers, and rough short-sleeved jackets.

One day we rented a bicycle and rode around the Kathmandu valley looking at a number of old Pagodas, Buddhist stupas, and Hindu remnants. The buildings & homes all look run down, as though about 200 years ago was the creative high point. Saw groups of Tibetans who had just come down out of the mountains and even from Tibet directly, walking down the trails into the valley. We must have been the first westerners some of them saw, We sure stared at each other -- them with their pack frames and huge loads, leading little long-haired sheep.

Another day took a jeep with another American (who had once heard me read at a poetry reading in San Francisco) and climbed up to a hill, Nagarkot, from which a good view of Everest is supposed to be had. It was clouded over and raining by the time we got there. A disappointment. But enjoyed walking

through the hillside farms and villages. The peasants breaking the clods of their heavy soil with wooden mallets.

Kathmandu water is full of mica, and gives everyone the runs.

More foreigners here than we had seen any place else. There is an easy, inexpensive plane flight from Patna. The Swiss Aid Mission makes delicious cheese, we bought two pounds of it.

The market, early morning, in the open on the stone-flagged square: young men bring in enormous loads of firewood on their backs to sell; they are barelegged & barefoot, though the hills around town and right down to our level almost are covered with snow (one morning). I bought curds, and an orange that was so bright & juicy looking, but turned out to be bitter and all seed. Cracked barefeet, calloused thick stubby toes.

Dinner one night with a Buddhist man who runs a private school and has been to both the US and Japan. He served us buffalo meat and distilled rice-wine called ela; We had a very long & profitable talk with him. Sees there is a movement afoot to reform the Buddhism in Nepal (as it sorely needs) and they even have some Hinayana monks there now.

The last morning in Kathmandu, leaving, I went back to a shop in which I'd seen a tanka painting I couldn't forget, bargained some more, and bought it. Then took the bus to the airport, and flew back to Patna -- only an hour and a half, by air. Just a small plane. The air full of clouds, so we could not see the Himalaya; but had some spectacular views of perpendicular farms and isolated mountain-top houses. When the plane landed in Patna it was a scramble to take off shirts and sweaters. Suddenly the sun was bright and the air very hot again.

XIII Banaras & Sarnath

From Patna direct to Banaras, the same afternoon catching a train -- and getting switched to another train midway on account of a train wreck down the line somewhere -- Banaras RR Station about 9 p. m. -- stayed the night in the waiting rooms. There are waiting rooms for both sexes, in all three classes; when it came to waiting rooms we usually went into the first or second class ones because being caucasians we would never be questioned -- my conscience hurt me a little thus exploiting being white, but one can't afford that much conscience -- because they had showers to clean up in, and long couches you could sleep on.

In the morning Joanne wasn't feeling well, a strange sickness she had gotten once before, one night at Bhubaneswar, so we took a RR Retiring room upstairs and she laid down to sleep it off (after swallowing the various anti-biotic pills I had in my first aid kit, and an extra dose of vitamins). I went out & explored the scene, taking a pedicab to the center, walking out onto the Ten-Horse-Sacrifice Ghat, and looking up & down the Ganges at its most sacred point, lined with bathers on the stone steps. Also looked up the headquarters of the Sarvadaya (Vinoba Bhave's) movement, at Raj Ghat, and made arrangements for stopping at their ashram later. Banaras is medieval-type city with really narrow winding alleys -- one famous alley lined with bronze & copper utensil sellers -- almost got lost in there (actually did get turned around 180° in the alleys of Kathmandu one evening).

Banaras (most anciently Kashi, then Varanasi, or Banarasi, called Beneres or Banaras by the English) has few temples, and those it does have are of little aesthetic interest. The Moslem rulers suppressed Hinduism in a variety of ways. The interesting thing about the town is the air of piety about it, and the fact that besides being a pilgrim center, it is the center of orthodox Hindu intellectual life. Banaras Sanskrit

University and Banaras Hindu University. Banaras Brahmans, and some of the South Indian Brahmans, are supposed to have the purest pronunciation ("totally uncorrupted" in some views) of the Vedas. This is important, because the language of the Vedas is the divine language, and magic resides in every phoneme; for the Vedas to be efficacious, they must be pronounced properly or all is lost.

That evening I went out from the RR retiring room to search for bread, bananas, and curds, and on the way back was attracted by a roped-off shrine decorated with flowers and full of men singing and dancing -- in fact, I had seen them doing the very same thing that morning, so was curious. Approaching the wall I was gently seized and transported within the paling, decked with a flower lei, had a red spot of vermilion powder placed on my forehead and told to sing and dance with the rest. They were all high (on bhang, a marijuana-milk-honey & nut drink, I presume) and worshipping the Goddess Sarasvati, whose day it was. When one of the men told me it was Sarasvati we were worshipping I joined in quite happily, because Sarasvati is the Goddess of learning, music, and poetry -- in other words, the Muse. She is worshipped in Japan under the name of Benten, and is wife to Brahma. Turned out these men were all under a vow to sing & dance before Her for 24 hours unbroken, & had the one more night to go. They moved with little shuffling steps, some of them hitting tiny brass symbals to set a rhythm; on the edge were two drummers; they sang a complex melody. The dance increased in pace gradually, and they would sway back and forth -- young men, or thirti-ish, with little mustaches and modernstyle haircuts, but wearing the dhoti, and long loose shirt; faces glistening with sweat, great red streaks on their foreheads and heaps of flower leis around their necks -- sometimes two or three of them all looking into each others' eyes while dancing with heads tilted slightly back, swaying in rhythm and smiling -- until the pace increased to a really frantic rate and they were way out there. The song would abruptly end when it got too fast to hold any longer, and another song would immediately begin, on a slow pace: different melody -- and

begin to build up again.

I got away eventually and got back to the room. Joanne took one look at me with red forehead and leis and thought I was drunk, high, & crazy. It took a while to convince her I had just been doing a little worshipping.

Next day Joanne was feeling just fine (12 February); we took a turn through the old section together and a stroll along the ghats (-- at the Burning Ghat, just like you hear, in books tourists write, they were burning bodies with huge piles of valuable-looking firewood. Firewood stacked around over several acres, and rough junklike boats loaded with firewood, brought downriver from somewhere, moored nearby. smoke is heavy and dark -- and it smells scary if you get it your way, the "smell of burning flesh" is a real thing -- all I could see under the smoke was edges of a sari, charred leg, and a foot, with the henna'd red sole, still unburned, sticking out. The relatives are squatting around, tending the fire. When I saw how much wood it takes to burn a body I decided it wasn't such a smart custom, in a country where wood is already scarce.) That afternoon took a pedicab (couldn't find out the busroute or schedule) to the village of Sarnath, six miles away.

Sarnath is a Buddhist Holy Site. It was here that Sakyamuni went, after getting Enlightened at Bodh Gaya, to find his old fellow-ascetics, and tell them what he had found out. In the "Deer Park" he delivered his first lecture, the explication of the four noble truths, the eightfold path, and the chain of dependant origination. Today the Archeological Survey controls much of the area and has a small museum there. The Lion Capital from the Ashokan Column that is the emblem of the modern Indian Government is in this museum, and the stump of the original column is amidst the footings of a large complex of monasteries nearby. Also a very large and interestingly-shaped stupa. The Mahabodhi Society has a modern Buddhist temple near the stupa with murals on the inside

painted in the 1930s by a Japanese artist. It also has a huge two-floored pilgrim's rest house across the street, where we proceeded. I hunted up the Bhikku-in-charge, a Ceylonese man, and we were given a room immediately. On the first floor, all the rooms had been semi-permanently taken over by Tibetan Lamas, and the courtyard in back was a campground of almost a hundred Tibetans, men women & children. Cooking on little campfires, sprawled out on sheepskins napping, taking their clothes off and looking for lice -- some even bathing at a faucet -- with their big packboards and loads set up in piles here & there. & how different from the average Indians -- who are often sullen and argumentative -- laughing and horseplaying constantly.

(Sign at bus stop: "2:30 to 1:30. Just time. No bus will come and start.")

There was an English Lama living nearby I heard, so next day, after paying our respects to the temple & stupa, and the Deer Park which is fenced and has four or five species of deer playing around in it, went to visit him. He had been an MD & Oxford Graduate; became a Hinayana Bhikku, and then changed to the darkred Tibetan robes "as his understanding of Buddhism deepend." The turning point had come, he says, when the Dalai Lama paid an official visit to Sarnath a few years previously. As he came into the Vihara (temple), the Tibetan lamas were lined on one side of the hall, the Bhikkus on the other -- and the Lamas all bowed as the Dalai passed, but the yellow-robed Bhikkus just stood there. After the Dalai had finished his prostrations before the Buddha-image, and was starting back out the hall, our English friend suddenly crossed over from the Bhikku side where he'd been standing and stood with the Lamas, and bowed. Later he got a real Tibetan ordination, and was able to spend a summer in a monastery in Ladakh (monastery is gompa), then was chased back to India proper by the government, which has closed Ladakh to outsiders on account the Chinese are trying to take it over.

His name is Lobzang (equals "novice") Jivaka. Never heard his English name. He was sincere enough, but I felt making too much of being a westerner. Although he still hadn't had much actual Tibetan meditation training or philosophical study, he was already preparing to publish a book about his experiences.

Every third Tibetan will try and sell you a coin, a dagger, some jade earrings, or an old tanka.

Walking around the Stupa, I had noticed an elderly and dignified lama also doing circumambulation. After a while he approached me, with serene and sage-like countenance, his wispy white beard blowing in the breeze. My heart beat faster as I thought of secret initiations and Hidden Gurus -- he came up to me, smiled benighnly, and slipped a handful of Tibetan coins from his robe, inviting me to buy.

poem in journal,

At Sarnath
a Rongbuk, and a
twisty-horned white-bellied
antelope, some
elk and deer
behind barbed wire.

a Lama tries to sell Tibetan coin the Grove where Buddha spoke.

15 February, back to Banaras; watching water-buffaloes getting bathed in the Ganges -- journal notes:

Monkeys run along window-ledges and walls. Seeing out through a screen of leaves.

The far side of the Ganges a desolate beach of sand shimmering mid-day. Eat idly sambar, Masala Dosa, at "Ayyar's Cafe" A south Indian place --

Bull eating <u>puja</u> flowers spilled out from some shrine on the ground.

A line up of beggars; faces screwed into samadhi of misery; they make this their lives, refusing to be human, & that is their real tragedy -- fingerless, legless, eyeless (there are something like two million blind in India); blind man about 35 sitting on the pavement, grimacing and weeping to no one in particular, his crotch uncovered, a black penis & balls, a rather handsome face. Three-legged cows, a bitch-dog with her insides half-out her vagina, running about. Flies on it.

And handsome young sadhus, with long curly locks and orange-yellow shawl and skirt, and necklace of seed beads; trident or spear in hand, sandalwood paste and redpowder design on the brow; dropping a drop of Ganges water on the tongue -- holding the ears folded over, touching the brows, the bridge of the nose, with the water.

Camels carrying loads, swaying and padding forward -- madhaired children with their crotch tied in weird rags.

That night stayed at the Sarvodaya Ashram. Arrived about 11 AM; after lunch in the communal hall of rice, vegetable curry sauce, and curds, with shappatties on the side; I wandered around the buildings. Some of the Sarvodaya Ashrams are Service ashrams, and the inmates spend their days farming and helping peasants improve conditions, digging irrigation ditches, teaching sanitation, & so forth. This ashram is the headquarters administratively, so the members spend lots of time doing secretarial type work, and handling the publication of magazines, books, and pamphlets.

Ah, I found a description of lunch in my journal:

Take shoes off, go into cement-floored high-ceilinged

room. As at Pondicherry, we use Thali (i.e., trays). These are set out before two parallel strips of woven jute matting, one which everyone sits crosslegged to eat. Before the meal starts, a young man gets up at one end and chants something brief, ending with Om--shanti--shanti (Om--peace--peace--). Serving man then comes down the line dipping out gobs of spinach into the trays with a bucket with a big spoon. A second time with another bucket, laying two chapatties on each tray; followed by a server ladling out hot dal (a kind of thick soup made out of vellow lentils served with all Indian meals) into the large steel cups. A steel cup full of water is on the left-hand side of the tray. Eat with hands, Indians won't use the left hand even to help tear up the chapatties. Hell, left hand's as good as the right, I sez to myself, finding it impossible to tear chapatties right-handed alone. More chapatties are served, as we eat, and a second of the spicy spinach. Then rice comes around. Good to dump the dal into. Last they bring a steel cup of curds, with some home-made molasses in it. All very delicious.

After lunch I wander out, and see on the porch of the cottage next to our building, an elderly grizzled-white short bearded man sitting crosslegged doing hand-spinning of thread on the typical Gandhi spinning-wheel; a girl of about 16 with a beautiful sullen face and a scar on her forehead sitting near him. I go up on the porch, and he tells the girl to bring out something to sit on; she gets a zabuton-size red mat and throws it down next to him. I watch: he holds cotton batting in his left hand, turns the spinning wheel with his right, constantly feeding the twirling spindle. He says "This is an Ellora charkha (spinning wheel). Gandhi-ji named it after the prison. He used it a lot." I tell him this is the first time I' ve seen someone actually using a charkha. He has heard we're from Japan, and asks about it -- has heard a lot about Zen, Krishnamurti, who has a school adjoining the ashram, gave a series of lectures this year and spoke a

good deal on Zen, and this man went to hear him speak.

He says "I have been spinning since I entered public life. After I graduated from college I went and asked Gandhi-ji what I should do. He says "can you spin?" The charkha is Gandhi's gift to us."

He asks me, "What about Gandhi." I have a hard time answering, finally I say, "Some Americans have gotten a lot out of non-violence from Gandhi, the Negro movement in the south etc..." He breaks in, "you want to get something out of non-violence; it won't work that way. Like India, when she got Independence, she threw Gandhi away."

Later I was told this man was Shankarao Deo, a well-known figure in the Gandhian movement, and for a while head of the Congress party.

XIV Khajuraho

Next day, February 17, left Banaras on the Kashi Express, 1:15 pm, bound for the little town of Satna. At Satna detrained 11:30 pm. No Retiring Room here, so prepared to sleep in the waiting rooms. I went into the men's waiting room, spread my sleeping-bag cover out on a couch and washed up; Joanne came in and said she had gone into the women's waiting room and went right on into the washroom and started cleaning up; wearing her slacks; an old woman in there started talking to her in some language but Joanne couldn't understand so didn't pay much attention. Finally the old lady left and came back a few minutes later leading some RR stationmen; one asked Joanne in English, "Are you a woman?" She said "Last time I looked I was" and the men laughed nervously and told the old lady Joanne was a woman alright, and then scolded her for being such a stupid old country lady, and left laughing.

Railway station life -- going to the refreshment stand and getting cupfulls of boiled tea in our tin cups; buying pera (a kind of candy made of boiled down milk) or puri from venders.

Following morning caught a 6AM bus, bound cross country for the ancient erotic temple, Khajuraho. A fine rolling drive through a flat landscape of occasional twisty decidous-type trees, boulders, distant New Mexico-type bluffs. This is in the state of Madhya Pradesh, a somewhat backward area, with the aboriginal Bhil and Gond tribes still around, and center of Thuggee activities in the 18th-19th centuries. Indian highways are pretty good. at 11 AM were at Khajuraho and marched off with our packs to the Circuit House, where we got a room. Circuit Houses were originally built to accomodate Civil Servants and travelling British parties -- there is a network of them all over India. Now some of them, as at Khajuraho, have been cleaned up, enlarged, and developed into Government-run tourist hostels, at very reasonable prices. We spent the afternoon of the 18th and all day the 19th closely studying the 10 or so temples, set apart a mile in two groups. These also were built in the 11th-12th centuries, during the high period of Tantric Hinduism, when at the courts of several Rulers, as in Madhya Pradesh and Orissa both, the people in control became adepts at sexual yoga and devotees of the Goddess. Hence this great flowering of incredibly elegant soaring stone buildings, carved in intricate detail both inside and out with the forms of beautiful women and men, often embracing and frequently making love in a variety of postures. They are so moving, and true, that under their spell one wonders what's wrong with the world that everyone simply doesn't make love with everyone else, it seems the naturalest and most beautiful thing to do. I took as many photographs as I could, actually cliff-climbing the temple walls. These are Archeological Survey controlled, hence you are allowed to make rubbings and take photographs without hindrance; kept up beautifully with grass- and flowerlined lawns.

my journal thoughts on Hindu temples:

The great Shiva temple is a model of Mt. Kailash, where Shiva is supposed to live; hence it is a model of a mountain, hollow, with shiva inside -- and the structure of the towers reproduce a feeling of ridges, gendarmes, subpeaks; the horizontal moulding lines reproduced from the base of the plinth up in a variety of variations are a kind of geological-paleontological system of strata, moving up through animal friezes to the "human" level -- fossils of dancers, Lovers, Fighters with Leogriffs -- temple wall like a human paleontology laid bare -- rising; to the Divine Couples seated in shrines on sub-pinnacles -vegetable, mineral, and animal universes -- complete -to the mountain summit, spire of pure geometry, a rock crown like the sun. And also, the lingam -- inside, in the center of the hill in a small dark room -- the main figure of it all; damp gloom -- holding it all, lovers and animals, in history, vertically, to the brilliant light and heat of the outside sun.

The north walls of temples mossier, darker, with lichen.

XV Gwalior - New Delhi

That evening off by bus again. A three hour ride to the town and train station of Harpalpur. Here they have no electricity; the station is lit with kerosene lamps. Joanne and I get the man to let us into the waiting rooms (a crowd of wild-looking people is sleeping huddled under their shawls on the cement floor) and next morning we catch a slow train to a truck-line junction, at Jhansi, then caught the Pathankot Express north toward Delhi, getting off a bit farther up the line at Gwalior.

Gwalior has a fine fortress on top of a cliff-bluff; we climbed up this and examined the architecture -- Mogul type-- then

walked down the backside by some enormous Jain figures cut in a cliff, around through town & back to the station, then hopping another train on up to Agra. Short-run third-class rides are really crowded. Hunkering down next to a big-bellied gray-haired woman with bare skin under her choli, talking to me in English like a motherly old Communist. A Punjabi peasant adjoining, burst out talking to somebody with a slow rising-and falling pronunciation like the peasants in Japanese Kyogen-plays. At Agra, we slept in the waiting room and in the morning -- as usual checking our rucksacks in the train station -- went out to see the Taj Mahal.

Taj Mahal is the sort of thing you gear yourself to be disappointed in -- or you don't want to be taken in by it -- but it quite surpasses any images one might be holding in the mind. A very fine quality close-grained white marble was used throughout and everything carries a feeling of lightness and coolness, although the structure is very large, and the day was very hot. The Red Fort, also in Agra -- in the afternoon -- a sprawling complex of buildings along the river, built of red sandstone, in the Indo-Saracenic style (i. e. with arches of the Arabic-Persian type, domes, turrets, etc). The Moslems' main contribution to India was this type of architecture, I suppose -- and the use of the true arch.

Hopped a train again, on north, another short run to Mathura. Mathura isn't much now, but it was the center of the Kushan Buddhist art around the 1st century AD, and the capital of a kingdom in NW India controlled by the Kushan invaders from central asia. We visited the museum, small but containing some first-rate statues and carved railings, that had been excavated in the locality. In most Buddhist and Hindu art, the women are bare-breasted, but the Kushan women are practically the only who have a naked & clearly defined vulva as well, in a non-provocative style. They wear lots of jewelry, however, and an elaborate girdle around the waist. There is some controversy among Indianists about the nudity of ancient Indian women -- one school holds that everybody was naked above the waist & wore scanty loincloths; another school says that only high-caste or court women went that

naked; and a school of modern Indian puritans says that it was all an artistic convention, and in real life ancient women wore as much as they wear today. In any case, modern Indian women are very modest, and usually keep even their head covered with the end of the sari. It may be that much of this was a reaction to the rapacity of the Muslim invaders, who carted off pretty girls wherever they saw them. I' m sure Indian society must have been much more open at one time. Other miscelleneous cultural notes: Indian men squat to urinate. This may be in part a kind of modesty; I think it may also be because it is easier to open the front of the dhoti and urinate without getting any urine on it, than it would be while standing up. & no doubt you know about the toilet-paper situation in India; there is none. Instead, every toilet is equipped with a faucet (if not you bring a pot full of water with you) and you wash your anus with water, using only the left hand, after defecation. Toilets are squat-type, like Japan. I had to do this a few times and it works good, if you don't mind getting all wet. We preferred to use paper, though. So, running out of what we'd brought with us off the ship by the time we got to Calcutta, I went to a drugstore and asked for toilet paper, knowing a small amount is sold. Two rolls cost an enormous sum... about 2Rs 50 n.p., or almost 50 cents. In the Indian scale of living that is lots of money. I too them back to our room, but didn't feel very good about it. Thinking it over, I realized we could use newspaper, and promptly cut up some old newspapers into neat squares, and slipped them in a plastic bag. Next day we took one roll back to the drugstore and traded it for some soap. We always used medicinal soap in India (which is commonly sold) in hopes of keeping down chances of infection.

Back to Mathura: we had a terrible time there with a pedicab driver who was supposed to take us to the museum, could not find it (or said he couldn't) -- finally landed us at the Tourist bureau (not far from the museum) and then tried to charge us double what we'd originally agreed on to the museum. These great irritable scenes were common, and became more common, as I realized how many ways we were getting

cheated. I pale at the thought of how much the average unwary tourist gets cheated in India (it's still cheap, to the tourist's thinking) -- and it became a matter of fierce principle not to be done in too much. It's part of the process of maturity for the Indian nation -- they are very nationalistic and proud of their country, and want to be accepted as equals by all other nations, so of course they have to, as a people, grow out of the cheating-fawning-bullying complex of habits that go with feudalistic, colonial-type social relationships. Something of the same feeling about beggars -- I did not give to all the beggars who approached me by any means; never to able-bodied adults, and never to children. They are growing up in a society which is gradually eliminating beggars and the need for beggars; & it is doing them no favor to help set them in a pattern of professional begging when the whole thing will be made illegal and eliminated (supposedly) in about ten more years. Deformed and crippled people are a different thing -- God knows there are enough of them. Deformed people and deformed animals, India. Lepers without fingers are a common sight. Standing along train platforms or at bus stops, whining under the windows. In the south, people with elephantiasis are frequent, a great stumpy leg, or two, dripping lymph. Blind people. People with genetic deformities, or sores, or awful ailments of unidentifiable sorts. Gypsy girls of 9 or 10 carrying babies, hanging around trains and busses. It is a real moral dilemma. The pattern most people follow, in their relationships with beggars, goes in three stages (Allen Ginsberg and I, at least, agreed on this): first, one gives money to all beggars. second, one gets discouraged, and also hardened, and turns against them for their rudeness and importunity; quits giving altogether, and becomes a tough old India Hand. Third, one starts giving again, at least selectively -- partly out of surrender to the fact that it is easier to get through some scenes smoothly if you piece them off & move on, otherwise they keep bugging you; and partly because some of them do subsist entirely by begging, could live no other way, and are close to starvation always. Afternoon of 22 Feb caught a train on the last leg of our Delhi

journey, arriving in Delhi around 7:30 p.m.

XVI Old & New Delhi

Old Delhi and New Delhi are one contiguous city. The border is marked by the remains of a wall, and occasional gates. When you pass into old Delhi, the streets become jumbled and narrow -- this was the capital of the Mogul Emperors, and has the red sandstone Delhi Fort, the vast Jama Masjid Mosque, and an important Sikh Gurdwara (temple). There are famous bazaar sections in Delhi, especially for jewelry and sandals.

New Delhi, which was started by the British, is very roomy and planned, with the roads all radiating from Connaught Circle. The circle has bookstores, restaurants, the American Express, & a Khadi shop and Cottage Industries emporium. (A Khadi shop is a government-run store selling essentially village-made cloth which is both hand-spun and hand woven, khaddar. This is the continuation of Gandhi's hand-spinning program to help provide employment for villagers. They also sell hand-made soap, honey, paper, & a few other such items. A Cottage Industries store sells a wider range of products, in which the fabrics are hand-woven but the thread not necessarily hand-spun. One becomes very conscious of all the details of fabric in India, they seem to be all hung up on it. Also sell more touristy things like handmade jewelry, decorated sandals, woodcarving & ivory carving, etc. Every Indian town of any size has at least a Khadi shop. They are usually the most interesting places to shop, and the prices are set, and fair.)

So: we got off at New Delhi station, and took a taxi to the Birla Dharmashala, which we had heard was a good place to stay. Dharmashala equals Pilgrims Hostel. This was an enormous place of pinkish stone, with elaborate white-marble trim, a modern Hindu temple, Buddhist temple, Hostel and Hindu-disneyland garden all combined. All we saw was the

big high walls and iron gate, though, when we got there. At first they said we were too late, and they didn't have any room. The Gatekeeper was a tall man with a handlebar moustache and a yellow turban. Then they realized we were depending upon them, so they let us in, and took us upstairs in one of the buildings and gave us a bedless room -- we rolled out our sleepingbags and were grateful enough. Next day we got a regular room, on the second floor, and it was quite luxurious, even with a rug on the floor. Turns out they have plenty of rooms, but because we were Caucasian, had felt constrained to give us one of their deluxe second floor hostel rooms, and since only ordinary hostel rooms were available the night before, had given us nothing but a floor. Mr. Birla is a pious Hindu millionaire, who has built Dharmashalas all over India (the Buddhist resthouse in Sarnath was also built by him) and the Delhi "Birla Temple" is his crown. It is very vulgar, but certainly a lively place, with music and chanting going on day and night, and a great commotion of people in the courtyard, many of them bathing or dressing semipublicly.

Our first move was to go to the American Express and see what mail we had. We'd been out of touch all the way from Calcutta. Among other things, there was a note from Allen Ginsberg, saying he was in Delhi and staying at the Jain dharmashala. So we had finally made connections with Allen. plan originally had been for him and Peter Orlovsky to meet us in Colombo, and travel together from there on. He had been in Israel around November. As it turned out they had problems with the Indian visa, first, and then with getting a cheap ship from a Red Sea port. They finally had to take a ship to Mombasa, and were hung up in Kenya for about three weeks waiting for another ship coming across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. From Bombay they went directly to Delhi, expecting us to be there around the sixteenth of February. So they had been there a week already when we arrived. They weren't in at the Jain resthouse, were we immediately went (on "Lady Hardinge Road") so we went about our business, leaving them a note. That night, at 10 pm they came up to

the Birla, and we had a great reunion.

Next morning we met a couple Americans who were staying in another room down the hall -- Tom Leary and Bob Downs, both from S. F. and both painters. One of them (I forget which) said he'd met Thea in the laundromat in Mill Valley, and had been told to look me up in Japan. ha ha. Also ran into a couple people from the Ship, the Cambodge, in the American Express that day. Allen and Peter had been spending lots of time sneaking around Old Delhi and had made connections, through a Jain jeweller, for morphine and opium. Drugs are almost uncontrolled in India -- hemp is legal (i.e., marijuana) and the common pastime of villagers -- any druggist will sell you morphine ampules if you say you are suffering from kidneystones and need a painkiller. But this was not the important side of their activities; they had just wandered a lot and met a lot of people, and were immediately enchanted with India, as indeed any fairly flexible person would be, since it is a very permissive place in most ways, and everyone has diverse clothes, beards, sandals, weapons, ragged bags, & religious beliefs.

(August 21, 1962)

While in Delhi, staying at the Birla Dharmshala, we went and visited Kushwant Singh, a Sikh novelist and shortstory writer (has had some things published by Grove in the U.S.); and Chattur Lal, a tabla (two-drum set used in Classical music) player who works for All-India Radio when he's not out on concert tour. Kushwant is a funny, cynical fellow who says all the Hindu mystics and holy men are humbug, and likes to drink imported whiskey, which he can apparently afford. He has a beautiful slender daughter of sixteen who wears Punjabi costume; baggy tight-ankled trousers, with an overdress which is cut tight in the waist and bodice, and a gauzy shawl. He asked us if there were any people he could introduce us to. Allen said, "Do you know any nice young poets?" and Peter, "Can ya introduce me to some drug addicts?" We were trying to see India from all sides. Chattur

Lal has been to America, once with Ravi Shankar. He is always chewing betel, wobbling his head from side to side, & smiling. About the Wobbling: A typical Indian gesture, from Ceylon north -- to shake your head, like you meant no, except tipping it side to side also, in a very relaxed manner. It usually means yes (or sometimes non-dualistic "neither yes nor no"). So at first we were terribly confused when we would ask someone if that was the bus to X and they'd shake their heads no, and then say hurry up, get on! when it started to pull away. ## more about Chattur Lal later. Delhi isn't a bad place, lots cleaner and roomier than Calcutta, but lacking in good eating places (either it's fabulously expensive restaurants with guards at the door, or the usual "Madras Hotel" i.e. South Indian cooking or "Punjab Hotel" i.e. Punjab cooking. "Hotel" means restaurant only, nine times out of ten.) Now these "hotels" often have quite good food, but they are filthy and crowded, and one doesn't relax in them. Bars there are none of in Delhi.

So, storing excess gear in a locker at the Birla, the four of us left Delhi on 28 February, bound for the Himalayan foothills and the Ashram of Swami Shivananda.

XVII Rishikesh & Hardwar

All day riding the bus through rolling level green sugarcane fields, to the town of Hardwar on the Ganges. Transferred to another bus, and after an hour were in Rishikesh, a small town on the flat, just where the flat ends and the Himalays abruptly begin, and where the Ganges debouches from the hills onto the plain. Hardwar-Rishikesh and on up the Ganges forge are all exceedingly holy territory. The area crops up even in the Jataka tales, the ancient Buddhist-folklore collection, as the home of mountain-dwelling holy men (rishis), magical monkeys and elephants, and wide groves of mango trees.

The elephants are gone, but the monkeys, rishis, and

mangoes are still there. Swami Shivananda (equals "Bliss of Shiva") founded the Yoga Vedanta Forest Academy 1936, and has been the head of a large & active missionary yogahindu organization ever since. They have branches in southern california, and in SF too, I believe. We didn't get to the ashram until about 9:30 pm, and were led into a big room in the basement of a jumble of half-finished brick buildings just on the banks of the Ganges and just within the gorge, so steep; it was full of people sitting crosslegged on the floor -- but not in proper meditation posture -- while a giant man in a camelhair coat lay stretched out on a kind of couch with his head propped up, saying OM...OM... a totally shaved head and face... we were at the end of the evening darshan. They served everyone hot milk and fried chick peas, and the Swami asked a few questions about us, like "Do they have these (chick peas) in the United States?" A. Ginsberg said "yes." He was then half-lifted to his feet by two junior holymen, who helped him step by step walk out & to his quarters. He is well over 6 feet, and in his eighties, and must have been an overwhelmingly vigorous man in his prime, to judge by the energy he exudes even when half-crippled. One of the men led us to a building on a hill above the main complex and gave us a dusty room, and brought a pail of water.

Our building was named Mt. Kailash, after Shiva's abode. /Mt. Kailash is also a real mountain, in Tibet, just over the border from the Almora-Garwhal district, and up til last year by special arrangement Hindu pilgrims were allowed to walk around it. / The following day we sniffed around the ashram, which seemed a very vague place; found a Shivananda Ayurvedic Homeopathic Medicine Store on the premises and bought some Swami Shivananda Toothpowder, some Himalaya Honey, and had lunch in the dining hall of the usual vegetarian sort, only less. Then we were told we would have to leave the ashram the following day, because a huge crowd of guests would be expected shortly for Shivaratri, the night of Shiva, but that we could probably find lodgings across the Ganges at another Ashram which was really a hostel, because it had no teacher and

no particular program. We got the Ashram yoga-teacher, a young South Indian named Shivalingam ("Phallus of Shiva") to give us a private lesson in the afternoon, on the roof of Mt. Kailash. We enjoyed it immensely, rolling our eye-exercises and mouth & tongue & lip exercises. As well as about 20 other postures. I had done occasional hatha-yoga over the last three years, & I'm sure it is of some benefit, just keeping one limber internally & externally. None of the postures he showed us were impossible or dangerous. Allen and Peter walked into Rishikesh, came back bearing sweet rolls, bananas, and oranges.

Evening, the program in Shivananda's Room -- a series of Swamis got up on a dais and read or recited inspirational-type pieces. Shivananda would cut them off when he got tired, or their time ran out, by saying OM... then they all chanted something, and Shivananda gave Allen G. a copy of his book Raja Yoga and to each of us (Joanne sitting on the other side of the room with the women, a group including 4 or 5 westerners in sari) a white envelope containing five rupees. We still don't know why. The tone & style of Shivananda's place is very vulgar and most of his followers seemed duds, but his henchmen, and his books, were quite sensible. He is teaching a basic, simplified form of yoga meditation on the basis of Vedanta metaphysics, and nothing could be sounder, except perhaps Buddhism. Zen came into being as a development of the Yogachara sect, which was a sect combining yoga-meditation and Mahayana metaphysical speculative-type philosophical systems largely developed at Nalanda. Also, Shivananda's little giveaway book, Light Power & Wisdom is very funny, where he describes himself: "I am ever happy and joyful and make others also happy and joyful. I am full of educative humour. I radiate joy through humour. I respect all... I always speak sweetly... I do meditation while walking and while at work also..." for about ten pages. He was an M. D. in Malaya for ten years, before becoming a sannyasi (world renouncer).

Next morning we moved to Swarg (Heaven) Ashram, across the Ganges from Shivananda's place. Free rowboat service 12 hours a day. Given a room, we went down to the Ganges and took a bath, washing our sins & dirt away. It was very clear, and quite cold. All our clothes spread out on the rocks, we all napped in the sun. Here and there along the river bank, yellow and orange robed monks came down to the river for bathing or water. The woods were full of little hermit huts, and walking later upriver, came on classical sight of mattedhaired ash-smeared shiva-ascetics sitting under trees, quite motionless. All this was making a big impression on Allen Ginsberg and Peter, so that Allen began discussing the virtues of a brahmacarya (celibacy) vow; and Peter considering a switchover from western calisthenics (he used to be a bodybuilder) to hatha-yoga. He would scarcely believe me when I told him I could sit just as still as those fellers under the tree, which brought home to me how alien the notion of meditation is to most westerners. I had sort of come to take it for granted.

Nice vegetarian restaurant near the Swarg Ashram, where we ate chapatties smeared with Pure Ghee, and had curds for dessert. A three-thousand foot hill rises directly in back of this place -- white hermit buildings and a few other ashrams at the base, some cowpasture, and a big mango grove -- we went hunting up there on March 3 for yogis, and found a beautiful curly-haired 19-year-old looking man in orange robe who spoke English. He sat in a big swing on the edge of the hill hanging from a flowering tree, with a bank of fresh banana leaves below him. His name was Prem Varni. Allen asked him how old he was, and was said to: "earthly time is of no importance..." Then Mr. Varni closed his eyes and made impromptu the following poem, which I wrote down sneakily.

In our eternal journey
In the path of infinity
Will shine the mercy of God
Giver of Freedom and Forgiveness
I can see my...heart

But he's only my real lover...

At which point Allen interjected "And I will worship him by eating bananas!" Varni confused invited us to "astral lunch"

Crossing the Ganges by rowboat in the evening... a drunk hillman, an Englishwoman in sari with an Indian man; two comrades help the Nepali-looking hillboy into the boat; night, and monkeys (or some creature) howl on the hillside.

4 March 1962, a special day. Opening of the "Kumbh Mela" a fair & religious celebration lasting over two months, that is held in the town of Hardwar every twelve years. Joanne wasn't feeling so well, so she stayed to rest at the Swarg Ashram while Allen, Peter, and I caught rowboats and busses to Hardwar. Showers in the boat ride -- Bus to Hardwar -- through forests and open acres of recently logged ground, nomad camps with ponies under the trees. We have to pass through a Cholera checkpoint, everyone without cholera-shot slip has to get a shot right there. In the past it seems cholera fanned out over India in the wake of pilgrims from the Kumbh Mela.

All wheeled traffic was stopped in the town. On the opening day of the Kumbh Mela, a parade of Sadhus marches through twon and down to the bathing-ghat, and only after they have entered the water, can other variesties of human beings go in. This parade was coming -- first a caparisoned elephant, led by a stout muscular stark-naked man swinging a sword and dancing-hopping, his body blue with ashes. After the elephant came about 500 more of these naked men, some bearing tridents or swords, all with long hair and beards. Some were in their sixties or seventies, some looked sixteen or seventeen. They are called naga sadhus and they live year round without clothes, hanging out in the lower Himalaya. They looked fierce and arrogant, padding along in the soft rain, chanting something together in a low voice, all stopping and starting again sometimes, sardonic sidewise glances.

Some blew conch horns. After the men, a long line of women, wearing orange robes, with shaved heads. Some sad old grandmothers, supporting each other and singing a little song as they limped along. Dust whirls and windblasts, blowing off tent-awnings; Peter taking a nap on a stone bench under a bridge -- at 2 pm the Sadhus finally got down to the Ganges and bathed. Soon as they got out they put new ashes on.

Bus back to Rishikesh; where we wandered around some and did shopping i.e., sugar, salt, bananas, melon, oranges, pineapple; & hearing the afternoon meal-bell of a local ashram which distributes food to the hermits & sadhus, followed the line of yellow-clad or loincloth-clad (the truly naked ones usually hide out deeper in the hills) men that appeared from various quarters & along the riverbanks and groves, through alleys & lanes to a ramshakle (if brick can be so) old structure and into its courtyard, where some men served rice out of one great bath-size pot, and curry out of another, to the sadhus who each carried his own food bucket (in Indian called tiffin carrier). Finally back at Shivananda jetty and crossing the river the rains broke on us. We got a quart of yogurt and went on to our rooms, where Joanne lay reading Kipling's KIM, and made a monster fruit-and-yogurt salad, which pleased secret hungers in us all -- all we could eat -- while thunder and lightning played on the hills and rain burst down. It was truly Shiva's night. Banging faroff doors in the dark.

This is what you should always chant:

hari rama hari rama rama rama hari hari hari krishna hari krishna krishna krishna hari hari.

it is all repetition of the names of Vishnu. Shivananda says you should repeat it during the day whenever you get a chance. & I saw an old lady who did it all one day sitting on a bench.

On March sixth we climbed the hill back of Swarg Ashram,

losing the trail several times on the way, and scaring out a band of wild monkeys. So many trees I couldn't recognize. Near the top we came on several terraced little barley-farms. People who live up here are of a different culture entirely from the plains-dwelling Hindus. Not entirely; but they have distinctive features, and one of them is no dhoti, but a kind of trouser for men, similar to those of Nepal. At the top, eating lunch, could see far off the white summits of the Gangotri-Kedarnath peaks, and possibly Trisul.

March seventh went to visit a Sadhu cave community, up the hill back of us. About five natural caves, each inhabited. One cave, at the back, was beautifully fixed up, with walls built out and rustic touches like a Japanese tea-house. The man in it was a very pleasant old fellow who spoke fine English and had his place neat and pretty; a former college professor. A creek came by right in front, with a speciallybuilt in section for bathing in the creekbed. That afternoon left Swarg Ashram, made it through the cholera checkpoint back to Hardwar -- walked around town again, and took the 9 pm train heading east and south for Bareilly. We were on our way to the Almora district, Almora Himalayas, mainly to visit a German named Lama Anagarika Govinda.

XIX Almora

8 March -- Bareilly 4 AM -- sleep a while in waiting room; at 5 a group on the platform waiting to receive a newly-married couple from Delhi, with tents and breakfast settings all laid out; and a red-coated bagpipe band, walking up and down, practising. A slow train through the terai, gravelly riverbeds; finally the hills begin to rise beyond. At Kathgodam changed to bus, and a six hour ride up valley and along ridges, through hill villages and hill stations -- past an Army truck that had just fallen off the road, and the two men in the cab just climbed back to the road with only bloody faces and

one a broken arm, Peter Orlovsky who used to be an Ambulance attendent took a bit of care of him -- to Almora town, at 6000 feet on a saddle-shaped ridge, 6:30 p.m. and straight to the Dak Bungalow, where we got two rooms.

Almora is, as it turns out, an old town -- not a hilltown developed as a summer retreat for the British. The streets are narrow-stone-cobbled, the house roofs are natural slate laid neatly on like shingles, and the wooden house-fronts occasionally well carved. The whole area was under the control of Nepal a few hundred years ago, and the British won a battle against the Gurkhas here in the days before Gurkhas became employees of the British. The feeling is temperate; all around us are plum and peach trees in full bloom. A contact of Allen's, Mrs. Gertrude Sen, invited us for tea -- and turned out to be the former Gertrude Emerson, an old friend of Ruth Sasaki's in the twenties. Mrs. Sen has been married for many years to an Indian Agricultural expert who apparently also shares her interest in Indian philosophy. He showed us his wheat plots, in which each plant was numbered, where he was working on developing a strain that would produce well at 10, 000 feet, for planting in Ladakh. It was very chilly at night, so we got some firewood and rum and lit up our fireplace & felt good.

10 March, breakfast in the back of the Dak Bungalow, sun pouring in, birds singing, blossoming tea. A great view down the valley, and a long stretch of white-peaked Great Himalaya. Afternoon we walked up to Kasar Devi, the hill two miles to the west, to the house of Lama Govinda. Pines and Deodar; over the crest of the hill an unobstructed view toward the Nanda devi group, but it is clouded over that way. So after a path through the woods, leaving Allen, Joanne, and Peter, to sport awhile near a little whitewashed Hindu shrine on the hilltop, I hunted out Lama Govinda's place. He is the author of a book called The Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism and another on Early Buddhist Psychology; German by birth, but for some years an Indian citizen. A follower of the Kagyüpa sect, he is

married (such lamas can marry) to a Parsi woman who paints under the name of Li Gotami. I wanted to talk to him because I'd heard he was experienced in Tibetan meditation and intelligent. Turned out he was delightful, as well -- wearing a brown Chinese-style robe, with a little beard, and sitting at a folding Tibetan desk, while his wife was playing Suwannee River on a piano as I came walking up. A very lucid man. He said he was half-Bolivian. Peter and Allen and Joanne came in an hour later, and after talking about the nature of initiations in Tibet (wang or "power" conferred by a Guru on a disciple) Allen talked at length with him about the psychology of hallucinogenic drugs -- mushroom, peyote, etc., and although he had no experience of them, had some very interesting views on the reason for their variably demonic/angelic content.

Walked back to Almora and arrived in the dark. Next morning found the Almora cottage industry shop open, it said it was selling "Tibetan blankets, shawls, rugs, woollen cloth, carpets, musks, furs, honey, wood, furniture, resin, cane, mats, apples." I bought a large Tibetan blanket called a tulma -- hairy like a bearskin, dark brown, and mailed it on to Japan; and Joanne chose a small rug with a flower design, almost half an inch thick.

12 March, we took a truck-bus from Almora to Kausani, which is just about as close to the Himalaya we could go, on account of the "inner line" the government maintains at a point about fifty miles from the Tibetan border, beyond which tourists are not allowed to pass without complicated permits. The landscape is steep and hilly, with ridge-tops averaging 6 or 7 thousand feet, cultivated in the valleys and lower hill-sides. Forest is sparse, and usually just around the mount-aintops. This area was heavily forested, Mr. Sen told me, up to about 300 years ago, at which time the need for lumber by the Moguls began to be felt this far into the hills, and a steady process of logging began. Kausani, a small settlement on a ridge and a little higher than Almora. We stayed in a Public Works Department Bungalow which faced out a-

cross a wide valley below, and had several Rhododendron trees (a good thirty feet high) in bloom hard by, and a forest of pines and deodars up the hillside. It was afternoon when we got there, and looking across the valley we could see a high, dark, snow-crested ridge with jumbled spurs coming down, above a number of lesser ridges. It must have been fifty miles crowflight away. Behind that was cloud. Just toward sunset, the cloud suddenly lifted, and Jai Ram! there was a solid wall of white reaching straight up as high as the clouds had stood, the dark ridge had just been a foot hill! And it reached along the whole center of the horizon, picked up again, and stretched both east and west as far as we could see. What was in front of us was Trisul-Nanda devi-Nanda kot, all around 21 - 25 thousand feet, presenting the appearance of a solid cliff-like wall. In fact the lowest pass along that whole section is something like 18,000 feet. The easternmost peaks are Api & Nampa, in Nepal, and the westernmost Kedarnath-Gangotri, nearing the Punjab. I was stunned by the size of it.

Next morning Allen, Peter, and I got up before dawn, and sat on the porch of the bungalow wrapped in shawls & Tibetan blankets, watching every detail of the sunrise on the Himalayas for forty-five minutes, from the first blue glow to the final full blast of reddish light. It was too much. We spent a whole day walking among the wooded ridges and looking out over the blossoming Rhododendron and Apricot at those mountains.

14 March we took the beatup little bus again (so low-ceilinged you can scarcely sit up straight) and rode one full day, on the first leg of our return to Delhi, to the mountain town of Naini Tal. Peter astounded the hillpeople riders by singing for several hours -- hillbilly & rock & roll, in an authentically nasal voice. Naini Tal we took a cheap Indian hotel room for the night, looked around the lake, and took another bus, early the next morning, bound for Delhi. The bus wheeled out & down the hillside, and went through thirty miles of twisty switch-back descent to the plains, then we were off, first through the terai scrub jungle, and then across Gangetic plain, straight toward Delhi. Another full days ride, we didn't get there until

9 p.m., and slept on the floor of the office of the Jain resthouse because they had no available rooms.

XX Delhi again

Along one street near Connaught Circle in New Delhi are a number of stalls run by Sikhs, Tibetans, and Sikkimese, set up on the ground, selling small statues, jewelry, brass articles, and tanka paintings. We spent almost two days in these stalls picking over their bronze statues -- small household votive figures -- and picked out a few of the best. where I found Harold's Shiva, and Jack's Annapurna, and a Tara for Philip Whalen, and another Tara for myself. (Tara is the consort of the Buddha, in Tantric Buddhism -- the idea of transcendental wisdom represented as a woman.) statues aren't very old, because they are still being made, as part of a living religious tradition. We went to the National Museum in New Delhi, which is very modern & hiply laid out, on account a lady named Grace Morley who used to run the DeYoung museum in SF was specially imported to set it up. I'd say she did a good job; although in point of quantity the Calcutta and Madras museums probably surpass it. Also went through the Red Fort Museum in old Delhi, which has harem rooms and court-audience rooms, and a museum. Another visit was to the "Young Lamas Home School" on the outskirts of New Delhi, a school set up for refugee Lama-boys who are of key importance in the Lamaist system because of their positions (they are all supposedly incarnations of one bodhisattva or another) and need to be educated properly in Tibetan things as well as western, if the Tibetan religion is not to die out in the next generation. The school was started by an Englishwoman & her Indian husband, and is backed by Indian and Western sympathizers with the Tibetan people. It is not a matter of being anti-Communist for these people, as most of them are at least Socialists and their activities helping Tibetan refugees are primarily matters of just helping

people (the Tibetans are extremely likeable, and handsome) and hoping to preserve the traditional Tibetan religion, which represents with little alteration the several schools of Mahayana philosophy that were current in India in the 11th-12th centuries, and were eliminated largely by the Turkish invaders/ No one seriously thinks the Tibetans will ever get independence again, at least not within our time, and indeed the society was ripe for a number of reforms. If the religion can be kept alive, and purified to some extent, it may ultimately be able to resettle in its homeland, and in the meantime may have some influence on the west as well. We walked in on some little kid-monks having debating practise. They clap their hands each time they make a final point, and then wait for their opponent to answer it.

Evening of 20 March went to hear a classical music concert, two Pakistani brothers, singing -- Nazakat Ali and Salamat Ali -- with Chattur Lal on the tabla. This was the second time I'd heard Chattur Lal play, the first time was (I forgot to mention it) when we were in Delhi previously, and had attended a special concert given by Chattur Lal and a woman Sarod player (Sarod a stringed instrument with many strings played with a plectrum & held like a guitar) in honor of a thirty-year-old "much loved young mystic" Shri Krishnaji who was giving his last words and then retiring into a vow of lifelong silence. Shri Krishnaji, who was of the long-haired long-bearded variety, spoke for almost an hour on "Silence" and then the musicians serenaded him (he actually entered the vow at 5AM the following morning). The point was the music, however. Complex rhythms and a fantastic structure, building up from the simply stated theme ("raga") at the beginning, and developing to a powerful climax, taking a good hour of solid playing, the sarod-player and the tabla player constantly watching & checking each other, playing together and sometimes tricking each other, because after the statement raga, most of the whole performance is improvisation.

The vocal music works in much the same way. The lead brother started out inconsequentially, on a low drone note, and very quietly stated a theme -- no particular words to it, just

voice. & the tabla player joins in only after about 45 minutes of the two singers playing around. As they sing they use their hands, gesturing in the air, making a picture of the sound. The performance went on til after midnight, the audience & performers getting more & more excited, sometimes everybody shouting wah wah when they felt something was extra skillful ("wonderful" "wonderful")

XXI Jaipur

21 March we took the train out of Delhi again, leaving excess luggage at the RR station, on our way to Jaipur in Rajasthan, about 200 miles west of Delhi. The day was holi: a kind of spring saturnalia, and the train man told us to lock the doors & windows of our bogy (it just happened that we had the whole bogy to ourselves). Soon we saw why. Crowds of people, mostly men and boys, were running through the streets throwing colored paper all over each other. The men are supposedly high on bhang on this day, but everyone seemed too violent for mere bhang. Kids kept throwing buckets of water at the train, and since we didn't really keep the windows closed, Allen & I got colored. Later down the line people were throwing rocks and clods at the train so we closed the wooden shutters to save the windows. Holi is a real wild scene, and not entirely safe. For days afterwards we read in the newspapers about people who had been killed in fights and riots on holi.

Jaipur is set in an arid valley, one of the main cities of the arid state of Rajasthan, which fades into sheer desert as it goes westward, a big desert which extends across Pakistan and into Iran. It was a center of Rajput power, and the Rajputs were a spectacular and distinctive warrior-type of Hindu that gave the region a stamp of its own. The city is all painted pink, & there are lots of dromedary camels in the streets. The women wear loose, full skirts in bright colors, with blouse tops, instead of saris, and lots of jewelry. Indian women

everywhere have nose rings, one to four earrings, armlets, wristlet bangles, anklets, and toe-rings. Jaipur had a large & comfortable bungalow so we stayed four days -- on one of them going to an old abandoned hilltop fort six miles from town, and exploring its rooms and towers. Old fort called Amber. Dusty heavy brick & plaster, with marble and sandstone trim; a room of mirrors.

baby monkey taking first steps top of the wall back of the tourist bungalow.

the tonga-wallah (ponycart driver)
pinches the scab on his
pony's haunch
instead of the whip

a sikh boy like a wild little girl combs his long hair

monkeys wrestle in the thorny tree

on top of vulture peak nobody all morning selling flowers.

scrub jungle & monkeys, rajagriha

barefeet on cold marble
naked Jain genitals (Sarnath)
in the shadow.

letting tourists off his back the painted elephant craps (Amber) lady in a nice sari
walks quickly, not looking too much
at Khajuraho

on the train

Sikhs & Punjabis
tired of looking at Joanne
put their heads
between their knees
and sleep.

& then what did we discover but that a two-night cultural program was about to be put on in a tent, the first night a celebrated dancer in the southern style, Padma Bhushan Smt. T. Balasaraswathi, and the second night a program of Ali Akbar Khan, the world's best sarod player, and Chattur Lal, the world's best tabla player.

Balasarawathi is the grand woman of Bharat Natyam style dancing, maybe fifty years old now, and a little heavy, but a grand, graceful dancer and a real woman (as they say --); She did a dance as the mother of Krishna; the story being that when Krishna was a little boy (he was the incarnation of the God of the Universe, Vishnu) his mother once saw him eating dirt, and went to get it out of his mouth; when he opened his mouth she saw the whole universe in it; and stepped back in amazement. When she did this dance, and the part where she looked in the baby's mouth and saw EVERYthing, it was too much, a real moment of holy awe, the shock of recognition, came across. & all the time she was dancing she is singing in a low voice to herself, along with the music, "Krishna, Krishna, K

A great wind came up and a rain, and almost blew down the tent. So nearly everyone went home. The few of us who stayed got right up on the stage and watched her do her final dance.

Rajasthan stony hills. Thorny scrub jungle -- leaves so sparse on the trees you can see right through the woods. Women with tight red or yellow trousers under their skirts. Naked girl by a pump.

Next night, Ali Akbar a bald, solemn-faced intense man, with eyes closed in a trance, while his hands speed up & down the instrument; Chattur Lal angelic & demonic by turns making faces, sweat rolling down & his longish hair flying about -- playing games with other, tricking the rhythm, following sometimes, then switching -- and after several hours of warm-up they got sublime.

That night took a late train, after the concert (actually having to leave a few minutes before it was over) back to Delhi. Got into Delhi in the morning, put almost all our gear into the baggage room, and went about on chores. At the Annapurna restaurant we met Hope Savage, Gregory Corso's first girl friend & longtime patron, an old acquaintance of Allen's as well. She was wearing a shawl and high-topped lug-soled "hunter shoes". Seems she had been in Aden, Ethiopia, Iran, & then back to India (from another time) -- spent January in the Kulu Valley (where it snows); then moved down to Odaipur in February, now in Delhi, wondering where to go next in India. She has been moving about like this for three or four years, always alone. Pretty, delicate-looking with milkwhite skin & light blonde hair & blue eyes, she has travelled thru dreadful parts of N. Africa and Arabia & Iran without serious harm. She is really a little mad, talking almost hysterically fast, putting on to the Indian people that she is an Iranian, and always suspecting that other people think she is a spy. I met her one night at the Mill Valley cabin in 1958. She was passing through America with a French boy who is long since gone. Hope Savage is her real name, and her father is a big man in some small southern town.

She came to the station that same evening to see us off on another expedition, this time due northwest, to Pathankot and

the Manali valley, to see the Dalai Lama.

XXII Dharamshala

After an all night ride, we arrived at Pathankot, in northwest Punjab, at five in the morning March 28. This is the jumping off point for the two-day bus trip to Kashmir. It is not far from the Pakistan border. We turned east, however, toward the mountains. There is a valley system about a hundred & fifty miles deep into the Punjab Himalaya. The first section is the Manali & the second the Kulu valley. They are very beautiful. We wanted to go to the Kulu and walk over a 14,000 foot pass to visit the Tibetan-culture barren & mountainous Lahoul valley, but didn't have time. So we went up the hillside in the Manali valley, to the 6000 foot town of Dharamshala, where the Dalai Lama has his permanent headquarters (courtesy of the Indian government) and a sizeable settlement of Tibetan refugees. Lodged in a Tourist Bungalow. A long gentle slope below us, of green wheatfields, orchards, running water creeks & cascades everywhere. richest-feeling, cleanest, & airiest region we'd seen in India. Above Dharamshala white-capped ridges rise to 14,000, and there are fine Deodar forests around. We had dinner at the "Lhasa Hotel" -- a meal of Tibetan noodles with meat in it. (First meat in months, as we had gone all-out vegetarian for a while). In the evening we all smoked opium, since Allen & Peter had picked some up in Delhi & gotten a pipe as well. It was a funny kind of opium, mixed with charcoal in a little ball to make it burn better. Usual opium is a sticky ball you have to warm in a spoon over a candle or stove & then lie a burning coal next to it in the bowl to make it smoke when you inhale. It tasted o.k., and after a few balls Joanne & I retired. An interesting feeling -- all night a sensation of being not awake and not asleep, just sort of floating, with pleasant thoughts but nothing of consequence -- quite different from the heavy content of Peyote with all its visual kicks & bad-take

possibilities. In the morning we were all nauseated, another effect of opium. Next morning tried to reach the Dalai Lama's Ashram, two miles farther up the hill, but the phone was out of order. So we make arrangements to stay a night in the Triund Forest Bungalow, which is 7 miles hike up the hill at 10, 000 feet, and go off at the invitation of a young Sikh to a local Fair. Walked about two miles along the hillside, through little tributary valleys full of thundering creeks, and above wheatfields with neat channels & ditches leading the clear running water. It was a beautiful day, with just a few banner clouds above us on the snowpeaks.

It was a fair of the local hillpeople, called Gaddis, who are big sheepherders. The men wore robe-like tan wool coats hitched up in the belt so that they only hung down to mid-thigh. The belt is a coil of woven wool rope, which they can unwind and use if they need it. The men wear small gold earrings and little woven caps. The women have a complicated costume & pounds of jewelry, at least on fair days. It was held on a wide, high, grassy plateau. Handrun ferris wheels, goat carcasses hung in trees being skinned out; a bank of drums and drummers, long-haired sheep standing on top of boulders. "Shakespearean" Allen said -- it was indeed anciently & idyllically pastoral.

A series of amateur wrestling matches: an older-looking man, light of build, with one weak polio-affected leg, matched against a heavier, more muscular, younger man. Gurdip the Sikh said the old man would win, but we couldn't see how. They wore tiny jockstraps, and fought in a dirt pit in the middle of the grass. The old man was underneath all the time, but he couldn't seem to be put on his back. At one point he was on his hands and knees, and the big fellow was on his back. The old man reached up and caught him back of the neck, and threw him clean over his shoulder and laid him out flat, then got up and did a limpy little Victory dance while the other man got up rubbing his neck & looking sheepish & bewildered -- the old guy joined with a little orchestra band marching around the perimeter of the wrestling ground, dancing & hopping along.

Morning of March 30 we set out climbing with our rucksacks. Passing the Dalai Lama's Ashram we made arrangements to meet him the following afternoon, then went on climbing up the trail. A long steady climb. Eat lunch by a snowbank. Behind us finally comes the chowkidar (caretaker) of the bungalow, who doesn't live in it full time. He could speak no English, and was kind of a problem for us. The Triund house is on a ridge that climbs up higher toward the main mountains, and drops off steeply on both sides. Spectacular view. This house is really for the Forest Service, but noncivil-servants can use it if its not officially occupied. We have a terrible time getting firewood, water (by melting snow) and kerosene lamps. This chowkidar is the most useless creature, just sort of hanging around watching us, and doing nothing himself. Part of the trouble was that it was well before the usual season when people use the place. In the logbook, we noticed that the Dalai Lama had come, with two or three others, seven times up here, often for three or four days at a time. He is always referred to in English as "His Holiness. "

In the evening we built a cozy fire in the fireplace. Next morning I got up quite early and left the others sleeping, and pushed up the ridge. It was blowing mist, and pretty soon started to snow lightly. I climbed to timberline and a little beyond, until finally I was on a great snowfield leading up toward the actual peak of the mountain, Dhauladir. Instead of an iceaxe I was using a steel-tipped cane I had got at the village below. The wind became extremely strong and I was getting covered with snow on one side, and there was no view whatsoever. So I turned reluctantly back, from my highest elevation in the Himalayas, about 12,5000 feet. That wouldn't even get you to the base of Everest. On the way down, in a little nook at the base of two cliffs, I saw a stone platform with splashes of faded orange color on it, and some rusty steel tridents stuck in the boulders beside it. The meditationplatform & living quarters of a Shiva-ascetic, at some time. Back at the Forest House the smoke was coming out the chimney & there was a hot breakfast. Around noon we started down.

XXIII Dalai Lama

The Dalai Lama's ashram has fences around it, and a few armed Indian army guards. Between the tops of the deodars are strung long ribbons of prayer flags. After getting cleared through the guardhouse (and washing up at a pump, right in front of the guards) we were led to a group of low wooden buildings and given a waiting room to wait in. I guess the Indians are afraid the Chinese might come and kidnap the Dalai if they're not careful. A few minutes later the D.'s interpreter came in, a neatly western-dressed man in his thirties with a Tibetan cast, who spoke perfect English. name is Sonam Topgay. He immediately started to ask me about Zen Buddhism. It seems he had found a book on Zen (if I understood him right) in a public toilet in Calcutta, and was immediately struck by it's resemblance to the school of Tibetan Buddhism he followed. After that we didn't talk about Zen much, but he told me about the Zok-chen branch of Rnin ma-pa (Red Hat) which is a Tantric meditation school. He said it was by far the highest & greatest of all schools of Buddhism, including the yellow-hat (which happens to be the sect which his employer, the Dalai Lama, is head of.) (Don't tell the Dalai Lama I said this). He is originally from Sikkim, went to college in Delhi majoring in psychology. Got fits of depression and figured out a method of "introspection" to see what was the mind that felt depressed. Then he went to Lhasa and met a saintly old woman age 122 who told him to go see Dudjon Rimpoche of the Rnin ma-pa, which he did, becoming that man's disciple. He also married a girl in Lhasa. He said that one of the good things about his school of Buddhism was that you could marry and you and your wife could meditate together while making love. Then they came out, when the Chinese moved in, with their baby girl.

A book by Evans-Wentz called The Tibetan Book of Liberation

I believe, is of this sect. Book of the Dead, also.

They also say, perfect total enlightenment can come 1) at the moment of dying 2) by eating proper sacramental food 3) through dance and drama, and 4) at the moment of orgasm.

Then he told us the Dalai Lama was busy talking to the Maharajah of Sikkim, who had just dropped in, and that's why it had been such a long wait. So we went into the Dalai Lama's chamber. It has colorful tankas hanging all around, and some big couches in a semi-circle. We shake hands with him except that I do a proper Buddhist deep bow. The Dalai Lama is big and rather handsome. He looks like he needs more exercise. Although he understands a lot of English, always keeps an interpreter by when talking to guests. Allen & Peter asked him at some length about drugs & drug experiences, and their relationship to the spiritual states of meditation. The Dalai Lama gave the same answer everyone else did: drug states are real psychic states, but they aren't ultimately useful to you because you didn't get them on your own will and effort. For a few glimpses into the unconscious mind & other realms, they may be of use in loosening you up. After that, you can too easily come to rely on them, rather than undertaking such a discipline as will actually alter the structure of the personality in line with these insights. It isn't much help to just glimpse them with no ultimate basic alteration in the ego that is the source of lots of the psychic-spiritual ignorance that troubles one. But he said he'd be interested in trying psilocybin, the mushroom deriviative, just to see what westerners are so excited about. Allen promised to try & put Harvard onto it, & have this professor Dr. Tim Leary send him some. Then the Dalai Lama & I talked about Zen sect meditation, him asking "how do you sit? how do you put your hands? how do you put your tongue? where do you look?" -- as I told or showed him. Then he said, yes, that's just how we do it. Joanne asked him if there couldn't be another posture of meditation for westerners, rather than cross-legged. He said, "It's not a matter of national custom" which I think is

about as good an answer as you could get.

The Dalai doesn't spend all his time in his ashram; in fact he had just returned from a tour of South India, Mysore, where a few Tibetan refugee re-settlements are. & last thing I' ve heard (since I got back to Japan) is that he's going to set out & do some real Buddhist preaching over India, and maybe Europe and America eventually, spinning the wheel of the Dharma. He is at the least a very keen-minded well-read man, and probably lots more than that. Also, he himself is still in training -- there are the "Senior Gurus of the Dalai Lama" the most learned of Tibetans, who keep him on a hard study schedule & are constantly testing & debating with him.

Walked back down the hill, two miles in the dark, illuminated by occasional lightning-flash, to our bungalow. To sleep late, some Englishman shouting under our windows.

On April 1, two in the afternoon, we took the bus back out of Dharamshala, our last look at the mountains; hardly had the bus got started & I said "my God I' ve forgot the cameras!" Joanne turned white and Allen & Peter looked serious. So I said April Fools. Little Tibetan kids running down the street in the black-and-red boots, little robes flying, long braided hair. By evening we were in Pathankot, & took a RR retiring room. I went out & bought some eggs, some bananas, and some orange gin (the Punjab isn't dry). It was hotter than it had been up at Dharamshala. We got one of the sweepers to promise to wake us at 4:30 AM, because we were going to catch the Pathankot Express, which leaves at 5, the next morning.

XXIV Sanchi

The Pathankot Express is one of the great Indian trains. It is broad-gauge (a little over a meter) and runs between

Pathankot and Bombay through Delhi, a good distance. It takes two days and two nights travelling. We got settled into a reserved third-class sleeping coach, the only people on it, and were off for a good long ride. Passed through the rich Punjab farm country, homeland of the Sikhs. 8 pm were in Delhi. During the layover of the train there (we had it planned this way) Allen & I went to the baggage room and got the extra things we'd checked there, stowed them in our coach, & off we rolled. All night sleeping across from us a crewcut whitehaired Indian, sixty or so, wearing shorts & barefoot, with some poor-peoples' type luggage, reading Doctor Zhivalgo. Also a beautiful Sikh khalse stud (khalsa -- orthodox oldstyle sikh) about 40, with the totally uncut beard, his turban about a foot high, wearing a flaring dress-like jacket, with "short drawers" under it, earrings, a huge iron bangle, a dagger, and carrying a long sword in a sheath, and a battleaxe. About 12 noon the train stopped at Sanchi -- in shimmering heat now, no more of those mountain breezes -- and left us in the middle of the wild west. Smallest train station we'd been in yet.

This is the dry plateau, about 1000 feet high, that lies between the Gangetic plain and the Arabian seacoast; and the plains of the south. Part of the Deccan. The trees are wiry & twisty, in bloom with a scarlet flower. The brown grasses and rocks -- it is the beginning of the hot season now, and everything is drying out. No rain until June. Sanchi, one of the oldest Buddhist monuments in India, is on top of a blackrock hill in back of the station. A very large stone stupa, with an elaborate high stone railing around it, & two other smaller stupas nearby, plus the footings & remains of monasteries & various shrines -- the stupas dating to the second century B.C. Artistically one of the highpoints in Indian art -- especially the elaborately carved gateways at the four quarters of the railing around the main Sanchi stupa, and the basreliefs carved on the posts and railings of the smaller stupa #2. We looked it over in the afternoon, paying a call on the new Buddhist temple nearby, and visited the Mahabodhi society center (we were staying in the RR retiring room this time, because we were getting so much luggage we didn't feel like carrying it anywhere.)

Next morning, April 4, Joanne went up the hill with her inks and papers that she'd brought from Japan, to spend the day rubbing on Stupa 2. Allen & Peter and I took a bus to the nearby town of Vidisha and tonga 3 miles out in the hills to look at some old Jain and Hindu caves -- smell and squeak of bats in old holes -- hand-patted clay rooftiles, looking like cowdung cakes. Vishnu as a boar.

In Vidisha had tea at a roadside stall which was small and ordinary looking except that it was CLEAN -- the pots shined, the tea served with lids on the cups, the man who ran the place immaculate! Zen.

Afternoon back to Sanchi, on the hill hanging around Stupa 2. Helping Joanne make rubbings. She made many here, as it was the best place we found in India. Then to the Mahabodhi Society, by invitation, for dinner. The Bhikku-in-charge here is only about twenty-one, and quite handsome. He is not Ceylonese, but an Indian. He ran away from home when he failed college, and somehow ended up in Sanchi broke. The Bhikku took him in, fed him, and let him have a room for many months -- so he ended up by becoming a Bhikku himself, renouncing Hinduism. The Big Bhikku was visiting in Ceylon when we came by. The Mahabodhi center there is busy building a library and meditation hall. It looks like it has potentialities, especially since for some reason the feeling of the whole area is so strong even though on the surface it is like any other central Indian vast & barren locale. (I say barren; there are of course villages here & there, but they are mud and tiny, and look like they have just grown up out of the soil, scarcely an intrusion of mankind into the scene; and the cultivated fields are scattered where there is available water, in the midst of large arid boulder lands.

We had an inexceptional vegetarian curry; and I asked the young Bhikku who the old monk was I'd seen sitting in front

for two evenings running now, meditating. He said the man was a Tibetan who had been a teacher to the previous Dalai Lama, then had gone to Burma, and later to Ceylon, receiving Hinayana ordinations in addition to his Tibetan ordinations—and for the past few years had been spending the cooler season at Sanchi. He said the old man disappeared to the northern (Himalayan) hills when the weather got too hot, and got back in time for the relic-opening (relic was what was in the stupa) ceremony every fall. He said the old man meditated most of the time, sometimes sitting on top of stupa two (which is flat on top) or under local trees. He said he was over seventy, and sometimes he would disappear to beg in the villages a few days, but would never ask directly for money. Wore the sandals and yellow robe of a Hinayanist.

We carried our canteen with us, dipping it in water whenever possible, to keep it cool by evaporation. It really works in a dry climate.

XXV Ajanta & Ellora

April 5, we got a noon train on down the line, a nine-hour ride to Jalgaon. Stayed the night in the RR retiring room, and took a bus the next morning to Ajanta. Heat on us now, sweating in bed in the night, the fan on, the floor of the retiring room hot. Tea before the bus left in the square before the bus-station, loudspeakers blaring music, sweets & tea. Tongas lined up.

We got off actually at Fardapur, a good two miles from the Ajanta caves. There is a Dak Bungalow here, in the midst of a long brown pasture. The autumnally-barren leafless hills a mile away south. Waterbuffalo calf moos -- I love waterbuffalo, they are lovable looking, wheras the Brahma bulls & cows are arrogant because they know they are beautiful. A German in Madras called waterbuffalos "brake inspectors"

because they cross highways without paying the least attention to cars or trucks or busses. It's up to you. Unload packs and catch the next bus on to the caves wash hair in the tap while waiting.

Ajanta caves, cut in the cliffs around a great U turn in a creek, 24 monastery-caves and five temple-caves. The earliest are about 1st century BC and the latest 8th century AD, so you have both Hinayana and Mahayana art. Three or four of them have walls and ceilings painted -- much worn off & discolored & flaked away now, but enough surviving to know that it was a major painting tradition, great skill & sophistication. Reproductions of these paintings give no sense of their size, or the effect they have on one way in the back of a cave. These caves were all excavated, and some of them are sixty or seventy feet deep, with additional cells on the sides; the pillars and entrances beautifully carved. The sheer number of skilled craftsmen it must have taken to accomplish this and other early Indian building projects is staggering.

Square doorlight, the heat outside. Deep in the caves cool.

Back at the Dak Bungalow at 4:30, we mixed some drinks out of gin & canteen-chilled water, Allen and Joanne had a long talk on Bill Burroughs writing methods.

April 7, Saturday, took the bus on down the same road, to the town of Aurangabad, after spending half-a-day again at Ajanta. Vultures and beesnests on the cliffs. A deep pool at the end of the box canyon where Peter went swimming. (Painting detail over my head listening to Peter yip up the canyon far away: a man offering a girl wine, over and over, forever.

-- like thou still unravished bride of quietness.)

At Aurangabad: a wide spread out city on a plain between hills & bluffs -- once a Mogul sub-capital -- ranch-like spaces -- the Municipal Dak Bungalow. Breeze blowing through the room in the evening; no fan; "dry commode" (i. e. chamberpot

toilet instead of waterflushing. They had a man of low caste whose full time occupation was to squat at a distance watching the toilet. When he presumed someone had used the dry commode, he was to come to the back door of the toilet, take it out empty it & put it back clean.) Aurangabad is place to pitch camp for visits to Ellora.

Bus in the morning to Ellora. This was a one-day excursion bus, by which we meant to get a general orientation to them. There are about 30 caves, half Buddhist and half Hindu. Cave 16, Kailasa, is not a cave, but a full size Hindu temple that was built by cutting away all the rock and sculpturing a building. It is estimated that 3,000,000 cubic feet of rock were excavated to build it. Furthermore it was all painted in bright colors once.

& the question of all the lovely nude women in the Buddhist art. How did they get away with it.

Before it got dark, back in Aurangabad, Allen & Peter & I walked about its dusty down town soap, vegetables, curds, bath sleep.

April 9, rented bicycles and rode over the hot ground through a palm tree grove to the hills, and climbed up to the less-known Aurangabad caves. Swam in a stone cave-pool by cave #1. Cave #7 is full of fine sculpture, a group of 6 female musicians, and a dancer, with fat thighs, legs wide and feet turned out, half-globe breasts, and a little instrument in her hand.

April 10, Allen & Peter and I went back again for another full day at the Ellora caves. We took them one by one & looked at everything; Green-and-purple sari'd working women at noon rest, one laid out in the shade on her belly indolently nursing a child.

The Ellora caves, rather than being built in a canyon carved by a creek, as Ajanta, are cut into the cliffs at the edge of a large plateau, and the caves look out onto an endless shimmering dry plain. Some of the caves have even been excavated with three stories, each story with an altar-chamber, cells in the sides, elaborately carved pillars (the pillars, too, are part of the living rock) and stairway passages connecting floor to floor. Here also the caves were painted at one time, but only vague flecks of color are still adhering to the rock, with an occasional flower, or part of a human body.

Climbing above the caves at one point, and walking along the rim of the cliffs, we found a little stone gully with four or five small caves along its walls that weren't mentioned in any of the guidebooks to Ellora, and several clear pools of water in the gully. So we went swimming. Then back down to the end caves. Bus back to Aurangabad in the evening. Caves are an ideal kind of architecture to last. There's no reason, aside from possible human vandalism, why the Ajanta and Ellora caves shouldn't survive more or less intact, with the sculptured bas-reliefs staying very clear (since there is no wind, water, or sun ever on them to speed erosion) for a hundred thousand years or more. Granite does eventually decompose, but it takes a very long time.

On Wednesday April 11 we left Aurangabad, on a morning train; so crowded that we shoved Joanne into the women's compartment, with our rucksacks, and then fought our way into the regular bodies, at one point almost afraid we couldn't even get into the train. It eased up a bit farther down the line. At 11 AM we were at the trunk-line junction, where the big trains run between Delhi and Bombay, and caught another train that got us into Bombay by six in the evening. Allen Ginsberg had a contact from New York, an ex-Bryn Mawr girl living in Bombay, Radhika Jayakar. He phoned her -- at first she wasn't in -- so I took my map & my bearings, and leaving the others to wait in the Victoria Station, found my way on foot to the offices of the Messageries Maritimes, to pick up mail and verify our ship -- it was sailing from Bombay (on its way from Marseille) April 21, and would be the same ship again, the "Cambodge."

XXVI Bombay

Radhika Jayakar is a tiny young woman with an elegant figure, whose parents are well situated. She said we could stay in their apartment, which was the whole first floor of a large building, as long as we liked -- gave us a big room furnished in a curiously Indian-Japanese synthesis of styles, with the fans going constantly. The Jayakars live on Malabar Hill, the best district I gather in Bombay, and the first time in India we had seen anything remotely approaching the look & feel of a western city, or a western-type residential district with planted trees & apartment houses & nice streets up & down hillsides. Bombay immediately had a nice feeling for us. & it was a great relief to be at the end of our train-travel, since we were now carrying more luggage than we had begun with -- shopping, and books.

At the American Express we had a note waiting for us from the Australian fellow we'd met on the ship, Neale Hunter. He had gotten off the ship in Singapore, gone up through Malaya and across by deck-class freighter to Madras, then hitchhiked north to Calcutta and across India to Bombay. In his note he said he was living for a few weeks in a palm-frond hut at Juhu Beach. Next morning, getting the route to Juhu Beach from Radhika (who was busy that day) the four of us rode busses to Juhu, found the right section of beach, and the little hut he'd built, with his rucksack all packed, in it. After while he came back, with another fellow (American) he'd met on the road. They had both been camping on the beach two weeks, but were about to hitch-hike to Poona. It was fun meeting him in such a strange place -- we swam in the Arabian sea, leaving our stuff in his hut (which he said was safe because he had left his stuff in it unguarded many times in the previous two weeks) and when we got back found out that we'd been hit -- Neale lost his camera from Japan, and I lost the money in

my wallet (about \$10 in Indian rupees), my watch -- a banged up cheap Swiss watch that John the Dutchman had given me when he left Kyoto -- and my Swiss Army jacknife, which is the one thing I was sorry to see go. Luckily Allen G.'s wallet, with passport & 150 Rupees was untouched, and so was Joanne's camera, which was in an open bag. It was our only contribution to thieves in India, so I figure we got off fairly easy. Joanne let me have her Boy Scout knife to use.

Ginsberg had some N. African pot he'd been carrying around for some time so we sat on the sand and got high -- first time for Neale, & he was quite astounded by it all. N. African stuff is strong. Then at twilight he & his friend put on their packs & started down the road, and we caught a bus back to Bombay.

Radhika's mother is a celebrated lady Indian writer & intellectual. She writes short stories in English under the name of Pupul Jayakar. She is also in the government cottage-industries work, and went to New York 2 years ago to see about sending hand-woven Madras to the States (the project fell through because of the opposition of American business). She had been touring Orissa checking the handicrafts there, and came back to Bombay now. A short, intense, talkative woman. Divorced. Her own mother (Radhika's grandmother) who lived in a house across the street, also a powerful intellectual old lady. Most of the time Mrs. Jayakar lives in her apartment in New Delhi, where her work is.

The whole Jayakar family follows Krishnamurti. He stays in their house when he passes through Bombay. They had some striking photographs of him around & on the wall. So, by extension, they also had some interest in Zen, which led to several very interesting conversations. Krishnamurti says he teaches nothing but "absolute, unconditioned freedom." This sounds like Zen, & indeed Buddhism; but he adds that absolutely no discipline, no method, of any sort can lead to this freedom. He means it quite literally, so there is nothing for

his followers to do. Zen, as a whole, asserts that effort or method, won't help you, but you've got to try. By this paradoxical bind they achieve some results. Krishnamurti does talk about "Mind enquiry" though, which sounds rather similar to Ramana-maharshi's self-enquiry. Less orthodoxly Hindu. Krishnamurti has a surprisingly large following among Indian intellectuals, especially those who are not of the Gandhian social-work bent.

night of April 13, a concert on the night of Rama's birthday; Kathak dancing, a sithar, some singers. None so good.

Ramana Maharshi on drugs (quoted to us by a man who had studied with him in the thirties, named Maurice Freedman:)
"They confer real experiences and insights, but they are useless, for one has not fulfilled the preliminary conditions."

We live a comfortable, easy life in Bombay, in clean and beautiful quarters, getting a view of the country we hadn't so far seen. Mangoes are just in season, the famous "alphonso" mangoes of Bombay which have no stringiness, and are very sweet. There is nothing in the world as delicious as a good mango. And we eat ripe bananas.

Bombay downtown has the best variety of eating places in India, and since there is little caste-consciousness one can find a wide variety of foods -- Mogul cooking, Parsi cooking, some of the best.

Radhika Jayakar does half an hour of yoga exercises every morning, and the whole family is vegetarian.

Another night, we go to a concert, of Ali Akbar Khan and Chattur Lal, again. They aren't quite so good this time, though, because tired.

So later Chattur Lal (the next night that is) calls us at 9 pm and asks us if we want to sit in on a private session. We go to an apartment downtown, and he's playing together with the woman sarod-player we'd heard him play with first. About

40 people crowded in, sitting on the floor. They are really swinging this time. We walked halfway back to Malabar hill along the water's edge.

April 17, took a one-day trip by train to the Karla caves, a very early Buddhist cave-temple, all Hinayana. The largest single cave of all is there; and it is probably the most perfect, architecturally. It has a 100-foot? high barrel-ceiling, with ribs cut to look like the wooden ribs in the original wooden structure it is meant to look like. To the right and left of the entrance are bas-relief panels of lifesize couples, their arms around each others backs or waists, facing out -- the women richly breasted and nude, the men in complex loincloths; they are commonly explained as being statues of the couples who donated money to help build the cave. Karla is up to 1800 feet high on the Deccan plateau, again a sort of Nevada or Utah landscape. Back down in the evening to Bombay, which is moist and warm, and has green.

April 18 we gave a poetry reading by request on the roof of an apartment house to a large group of Bombay intelligentsia; the American consul is there. Then went to the apartment of an Indian Jew (they have an ancient colony on the Malabar coast) named Nissim Ezekial, who is one of the leading figures in Indian English-language poetry. After hearing three young men read their English-language poetry, we had to explain to them that if they insisted on writing in English like Englishmen who in India would listen? All their poems smelled like Oxford. They in turn, didn't think much of our poetry I suspect -- we were too far from the English Literary Tradition to be acceptable to them.

On the 20th Radhika and us, and also Hope Savage, who had turned up in Bombay in her shawl and barefoot, all went swimming at Juhu beach. The water is really lukewarm. Peter and I running up & down the beach, and I did my first handspring in my whole life. I was so surprised I tried it several more times, and succeeded twice. They weren't perfect or

graceful though. Radhika explained that the tattoo on my left leg is not Aum, as I had thought, but "Pranava" which is a "magical name of Aum". It's very beneficial.

rolled over and over by sloppy little hot waves.

Now we are about to leave India, and feeling very lucky to have come through it all intact, with nothing worse than diarrhea a few times, quite elated really. And glad to be leaving, then, because India is not comfortable, nor is the food really good enough, to stay healthy on forever. If you were settled in one spot and could do your own cooking & fix up your own quarters to suit yrself it would be different of course.

But India in any case is not a comfortable country, the way Japan is. The contrasts are very sharp. Japanese culture is basically hedonistic, and even at its poorest, provides comforts: like the universal public baths, where you can get all the hot water you want to wash yourself clean, any time of the year. Cleanliness. Clean houses, clean inns, no matter how inexpensive. Toilet paper. (India doesn't use toilet paper, in part, because no one can afford it!) And of course, bars, sake-stalls, tea-houses, young pretty girl hostesses, all that sort of thing -- which exists in limited quantity in India, and is much more degraded & dirty than it is in Japan. To understand the problem in part just picture the consequences of having various groups of people who will not dine together, bathe together, or even use the same water supply. How can you have a public life with castes? In India we always bathed by standing near a tap and pouring pans of water over ourselves. In the country one does this by standing in a stream or pond; and it was not uncommon to see people standing in filthy murkylooking water pouring panfull after panfull over themselves happily washing. The public manners of Indians are much noisier and more argumentative than the Japanese too (and Japanese public manners are lots worse than private manners.) Dishonesty, cheating, hostility, rudeness, loudness, thoughtlessness etc., on all sides in India. Again perhaps part of

being a country overrun by so many agressors, and full of so many groups constantly confronting each other. Yet there is a kind of honesty in India which is ultimately lacking in Japan; straightforwardness though rude, and a general refusal to play roles.

In the end India was most impressive to me because of a deep feeling of substantiality & solidness it has. There's nothing phony there (even the phony holy men are really doing ascetic practices, really celibate, really vegetarian; their phoniness is that there understanding may not be as great as people or their own literature ascribes to them) -- the people, the landscape, even the religion, sticks to essentials. Part of this is just the poverty and suffering I suppose, which cannot be acted over. But more than that: even the poverty-stricken areas of Japan, or poor periods of history, never removed the constant playing of social roles by which Japanese society exists. I think the difference is simply that for the Japanese person (average) there is no substance or reality he can conceive of outside the social fabric. For the Indian, all reality is outside the social fabric, which exists at best as a kind of disciplinary religious system for laymen, so that if you follow it properly ultimately you'll be born into the Brahman caste and from there can be reborn into non-human higher realms.

(for this reason Zen is very much an anomaly in Japan, and one can understand why it has never been seriously popular)

For myself the worst thing in India was my bad temper. I became extremely short and easily roused, against real or imagined dirty tricks pulled on me. It sure is hard to travel around and keep all serene and tolerant.

At least the Indians are sure of who they are, and proud of it to the point of arrogance. They don't figure they have much to learn from the west outside of engineering and science; the Japanese really have a problem of what's my identity.

The Americans we saw in India all looked sleek, vaguely troubled, trying to be good guys, but uncomprehending (except the beatniks).

young Germans are everywhere, making a strong impression because of their poverty and independence and spiritedness.

April 21

Radhika in a white sari, full-bosomed like a classical Indian beauty, and Hope Savage in an aboriginal-color dress & shawl, accompanied us with our baggage in two taxis to the dock.

We had stripped down all we could, but still were well loaded -- Joanne had left her high heels far behind and was moving with sure & accustomed techniques through all the travel routines -- it was a marvel how she managed every time we pulled up for a night to do a laundry, wash her hair, write in her notebook, and study our next day's sightseeing without a hitch --

We drank some bottles of mangola pop at the Ballard Pier Cafe, and they left us at the medical inspection hall on the pier. Joanne and I got in line for medical check, while they turned back to walk into India. Joanne pretty in slacks & black blouse, all tan. We go through medical (i.e. have you got your vaccination certificates) and customs with no trouble at all; they don't even open our rucksacks. The ship sails at six.

XXVII Return Voyage

I had three Chinese men as room-mates; Joanne was in with an Indian lady with a baby, who was later moved, leaving her all alone. The Chinese men were all on their way home to Peking: one had been in India thirty years as a small businessman -- had left a wife and small son behind; now he has grand-children. I ask him, aren't you afraid to go to Communist

China? He says yes. But it's china, and my family is there.

April 23, at Colombo. I had written the Canadian High Commissioner in Colombo, a Mr. James George, at the suggestion of a former student at the Kyoto Zen institute. When the ship pulled in Colombo, I gave him a call, and he immediately sent the big black Canadian Commissioner car over to pick us up, flying a flag and drove by a driver. He took us to a Buddhist temple in Colombo we'd failed to see on our first stop here, the Kelaniya vihara, which had some extremely nice paintings in it, both old and new. The new ones showed conscious attempt to adapt Ajanta and Sigiriya styles to modern Buddhist art. The older paintings, recently cleaned up to be see-able, have a kicky goofiness to the Buddha-figures, with lots of design patterns and animals. Mr. George used to be a Gurjieff man, who has recently become interested in Zen. He went up to visit the Ramana Maharshi Ashram last winter, and knows all the gossip about the main Buddhist and Hindu teachers in India & Ceylon. He took us to his mansion for dinner, which was pretty good although the silverware and servants were even more impressive; and the real imported liquors he served too. All air-conditioned. His wife & children, like himself, curiously tall and slow-speaking and serious, but faintly hip. He may be stopping here in Kyoto in the future.

He described an Englishman who had poked around in Ceylon for sometime looking for wisdom, and was about to give it up & go back. One day he was in the town of Jaffna browsing in a bookstore, in the section on Oriental Philosophy. A ragged old Ceylonese man came up to him & said "Bloody fool, it's not in books!" and walked out. He hunted the man out later and turned out he was known locally as Yogaswami; became the disciple of the old man for some time.

Limousine takes us back to the pier and we ride the launch out to the ship. Next day, ashore again in Colombo, visited the Museum and dug 200 year old styles of fabric design.

28 April Singapore a tiresome place, I still say

1 May Saigon quieter than before; the Viet Cong were getting more serious; the museum interesting because in one room Indian art, in the next Chinese, we could look at them together -- Part of the difference the difference between the genius of wood and the genius of stone. Far Eastern wood-carvings glow with a muted coloring -- are alive-looking, this-worldly -- as against Indian super-brilliant painted stone figures, colors of Disneyland heaven.

one thing I learned: religion isn't necessarily art; the vulgarity of modern Indian religious iconography does not really detract from its seriousness. Japanese Buddhism is 9/10ths aestheticism.

4 May Hong Kong

Five scrolls, reproductions of Sung dynasty masterpieces, made by multi-woodblock process & mounted -- all done in Peking, one of the world's major publishing centers -- and a great meal of braised duck, sweet & sour pork, beef slice w/ fried noodles, a bottle of Chinese wine, hundred-year eggs. Joanne wearing her striped handloom Punjabi dress.

(I can't forget the face of Chattur Lal swinging & swaying & grimacing with his tabla -- Ali Akbar with closed eyes dreaming out his world of sound)

Mr. Wang, my Chinese roommate, disembarks. In eight days, he says, he'll be in Peking.

back to sea; at our table a jolly fat Welshman named Derek Bosley, and a Swiss boy. Derek is a Chief Engineer by trade taking a vacation, to go visit his girl friend in Osaka. The Swiss is going to Tokyo for a year to study judo. I ask him if he will teach Judo when he gets back -- he says no, he is a potter, but he wanted to study Judo just for himself.

Going home I read the Jataka Tales, the Bhagavad Gita again, a history of Himalayan mountaineering called Abode of Snow; two books on Tibetan religion.

8 May, (my birthday) docked at Kobe. Carrying our own gear walked off the ship, checked out through customs, took a taxi to the Kobe station, and took the Kyoto fast electric express, an hour to Kyoto; took a taxi to our front door. Mrs. Hosaka, the old lady who lives on the second floor was expecting us, the house was clean & as we left it.

####

today is 25 August 1962, you can see how long I' ve been working at this letter. I must apologize for the sloppiness of the typing and the prose style. I have written this steadily at top speed, without planning my sentences or thinking far ahead. Disappointing how often the first thing that comes to mind is a trite turn of phrase. About matters of fact: I checked some facts, but not all. There may be minor factual errors in this account.

For bibliography let me recommend A. L. Basham's The Wonder that was India (Grove Press paperback) as fascinating & scholarly. For post-Muslim and British history, I suppose V. A. Smith's Oxford History of India is as good as anything. McKim Marriot (ed) Village India (American Anthropological Memoir #83) is excellent for contemporary village life, both north and south. The Penquin, Stella Kramisch I believe, Art & Architecture of India, and the Bollingen series 2-volume Zimmer Art of Indian Asia. Helmut Hoffman The Religions of Tibet (George Allen & Unwin) & Madame Alexandra David-Neel, The Secret Oral Teachings in Tibetan Buddhist Sects (the latter is a great, incisive, little book -- better far than the title allows). Lama Anagarika Govinda. op. cit. Bhikku Nyanaponika. op. cit. Gandhi, My Experiments with Truth (autobiog-

raphy)

Allen Ginsberg & Peter later went to Calcutta, Allen got into Sikkim, and walked a day & a half over the hills from Gangtok to the new monastery of Dudjom Rimpoche, the Dalai Lama's translator's teacher -- who promised to give Allen some wangs ("powers") if he'd come back this fall and meditate a while.

HAIL THE LORD OF THE THREE WORLDS

Love, Gary

Photo. Keith Waldrop

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Robert Kelly:

Obsession of the House: section 38 of THE LOOM

Not doubt. The story picks itself up & moves out. Hallway from apartment to john, dark enough to run naked as they did. Way down in the coffinshaped notch of sunlight: the door. The street ran through every room. Nothing was far. She hunched down in the corner made sure she was pressed against both walls, the floor, she reduced

the space occupied. She was small. In different directions things were coming at her slowly giving her chance to choose or forget. In the city everything is slow---people hurry towards her but the actual speed is low, botanical, she feels groped for a man fumbles in her wood, where, can he find her, that aromatic resin that leaf ooze that turns him so on, her wet,

her wet, he looks she does not leak, I saw this first in the cellar of that hungarian house, looking out, eye level, window to the peach tree in the garden halfway to the vine, the tree, the gum came down & caught the sun later in my hands, the taste of it, the peaches we did not get, the gum, the ooze of a woman I had not yet discerned from tree

now she
turns into a door
& he hurries
upon her
hoping to turn her
also
to his doctrine
of entrances,
his funny
room, she is apart,
she has never
understood
what he is doing
at her, his
part,

it follows her

down the hall it is the key shoved in & twisted till she screams, the door will yield she will not give in, she ceases to be wood, takes refuge in iron. An age must pass before he learns to smelt--by then her hair is copper in some lights, she lay among the maple leaf, mounds, autumn, rare trip up river worked down among the leaves hoping invisible. He finds. The elixir reeks now at the end of all of his points, she has a choice no element can resist him so she turns into silence

& passes in between his teeth, gap teeth, he'll never find her there, he breathes her out & she is nowhere but secure from his usages. I reached in so deep I could never find bone --the song fluttered away from him, lost him not hard for a good man to find work. Other town. Exit.

Now what
is she trembling
about now now
what now is she now
trembling like a now
in the lap of cold
now she chose now
to be so & now
no other way to
be now.

She is a hall in my memory. She is naked because men look at her. I looked at her & she was naked as agreed,

his song remembers her.

Remembers me to remind her to my memory. The hall was dark. Keyhole filled with sun or something saying it was sun did you believe I did not ask it was enough to remember. It is not enough to remember. Her skin wallpaper imprinted by my habits of attention such as they are attentions to her skin imprinted by what I have decided her body to say say it/sing it to me & other familiar neglects. The hall sharpened at its distal end with light ripped her open everytime she tried to go out when she got to the street she was wasted, wasted, her eyes

for all their humors

dry from a continuous sleep.

Her voice caresses us both still. It is lovely & agreeable to my furthest suspicions of a lust rising in me to tend towards. Warning given. To scream it: I was the house & she obsessed my narrow places as with an army of casual militiamen aching for dawn & how to go home. Bad soldiers but they filled every place. Girl soldiers propped in trenches, warriors of a mistake. I was the house & how could she go? She recalled her smile from the lips, her breath was sweet

even for a moment in my hand. Her tongue went in & I held it. The whole city was a surprise. Snipers,

at least. Weathermen. The call for a commune in which this skin takes on a work different at last from me just looking at it. Heals both of us? Or none. Or some other one, elsewhere, some other time. I was the house & she ran along my hallway to the bathroom, back to the apartment full of greasy dishes & dirty clothes, all politesse thrown off & never washed, too naked to remember. And then I remember I am dreaming this out of the actual fact.

I mean the fact

has its own dream, we live it out. It masses us on the borders of an experience. It is not imagination. The fact mobilizes us to a dance so antic we call it war & suppose it the most factual of all our distortions. She sings me, sometimes. It is not enough to remember her song clipped out of my song boiled out of the clothes I had hoped she would neglect to wear. She did, or didnt, the hall filled regularly with ordinary light, what could be better, she ran from any like me, the stamens of agression were not for her, the bee could suck itself for all she cared & I cared to talk to her again & again, delighted I suppose by the soft silence

I got myself to take for something sexier than speech. A lisp as if some honey came between our lips, not made there but found there, a wilding, a revolutionary touch.

The flags went up the moon fell down & the country of our conviction split in half, I shared a river with her washing her clothes for her in my head so that the stones would get into it I hoped she would learn to become. Not a machine but a bone,

just a little that we could get outside the house we guessed was on our minds.

I have

a snapshot of her among it, only her eyes vertical in all that fall. I reached in so deep I never found bone I tried & all the rest was the simplest light.

/section 44 from the same work, THE LOOM, appeared in Caterpillar #18/

Editor's Note: Caterpillar will end with the 20th issue which will appear this spring.

We would appreciate hearing from any subscribers who have subscribed after #17 and thus will be due a little money back if they would be interested in receiving one or more back issues for the money-difference.

Back issues are available. There are a few #3/4s & #5s, & quite a few #6 on. Due to scarcity etc., some back issues now cost more than they originally did. Anyone interested, please write us or Serendipity Bookstore and we will be glad to send you a list describing the contents of issues #3/4 -- #19.

Theodore Enslin:

SYNTHESIS, 7.

To whom it (may) concern, or as it concerns: You will find that the laws that men set up as sacred are, for the most part, profane, and that real hard-core profanity is in their observance. A moral code implies nothing other than custom -- a stop-gap which is observed by the swinish majority in an hysterical attempt to deny the rights of expression to those who can express the deepest and most most sincere -- I won't say truths, since if I do, I relapse into their stupidity -- but the deepest fulfillments of the human spirit. It is almost a duty to defy these laws, not to say a great pleasure. The absurdity of the whole structure is apparent when one considers that the closest neighbor of one society may be observing laws which are diametrically opposed to those imposed on the first. That society is just as coherent (incoherent) as this one, functions just as well or as poorly, and another generation in either one will controvert the whole sickening superstructure. The only way to live in either case is against the tide. The sadness of a necessary duplicity arises for most men, to save their own skins. I cannot condemn them for this, but simply remain sad. Men are beasts, and society is at its basis insane.

There are those who attempt to deny their fellows love, or the right to love, to get down to a particular case, and it may be that they can get some dunghill judge and jury to deny it with them. All the more reason why a free man must stand against them, and attempt to stamp them out of existence with his contempt for the denial of life which is the majority's only way to express itself. Everything that they say is a lie.

Everything that they attempt to force a free man to do is a contradiction of terms. Let us crush them by defeating them in places where we are unassailable. If they will settle for such mean results in their own lives, let them suffer their own miserable consequences, but in our own ways of doing let there be a challenge which they cannot override. Perhaps there will be one sufferer among them who will take heart at our example, and take his own life in his own hands -- out of theirs. We must work to destroy the foundations of society as it is known historically, in our own lives. The sooner it all collapses, the better. All systems are equally evil. Let us break men apart from each other on any known organized level, and bring them together again, just at that place where love and mutual respect can join them without pressure or coercion.

When, as in our own time, the fundamental bases of society are open to widespread questions and disatisfaction, there are many types of expression of the very general disillusionment. This often takes place in the form of initially peaceful demonstrations of protest. The real questions are asked, if imperfectly. The great mass of men question, too, but they are unable to overcome an unhealthy fear of official sanctions, although they claim a respect for the establishment which they are very far from feeling. 'You can't get away with opposing the government, 'a cleaned up version of 'you can't fight city hall, ' is the usual excuse for inaction on the part of those who do nothing. But they are the government, even in an absolute dictatorship, and their weaknesses have allowed the injustice to proliferate. There is always a sneaking respect for those who do oppose the existing codes -those who are arrogantly successful, as well as the martyrs. A deep crack in the armor is always apparent when someone counters with, 'These men who are actually opposed, and who lay their opposition on the line, are doing what you haven't the guts to do.' A furious denial is the most extreme silence.

But I feel that there is a place for a third group -- the true outsiders, who do not participate in demonstrations or revolutionary activities, but who lie outside in their opposition.

These will be needed after the revolution is over. The fire-brands burn out once the initial changes have been made. By a continuum of personal life the outsiders are the true revolutionaries, and they will not accept the new conventions any more than they did the old. These are the key figures who stand for principles which do not change, no matter what approximates are forced on the always apathetic majority -- those who have no true wills of their own. No, I, personally, do not expect to see any worthwhile or permanent changes -- but I wait.

There is no illusory world -- there is only the world. Why do I quote that? It is certainly a true 'thing', but its obvious quality is distorted by the illusory habits of those who live in a real world, and attempt to bend it to conform to their own illusions. I suppose there are illusions which I hold in common with all of the others, and eventually there will be no excuses left for me. I do respond to the destruction of unreal property, i.e. property which no man has a right to, when it interferes with the rights of others. In that connection, I might mention the recent burning in Milwaukee of the entire I-A file of the draft board. The reason given by those who did it is a thoroughly valid one -- that there are certain types of property which no one has a right to possess. And the fact that those who set themselves up as a government possess it makes it no less a crime that they have the power to kill individuals who are in no way responsible for their crime. While I stay within my own bounds and burn nothing, I hail these harrassments of the establishment as salutary and hopeful. A general strike -- to wreck the entire framework. would be good, as hopeless as its possibility appears to be at present -- .

Until a man goes beyond his personal ideas of responsibility, and liability, he will never be able to free himself for a higher responsibility to what he is himself. (I won't say destroy these ideas since they are not germane or innate to himself -- merely the accumulated baggage of hundreds of generations of those who have been duped before him.) This is not to belittle true responsibility which is sensibility, and is

often branded irresponsible by the cowed herd of his contemp-Sensibility is a way of looking, and so is irresponsibility, but the fervor and sentimental unexamined trash which clutter most lives in the guise of 'duty' is little more than another trick by which the artificial hierarchy of society perpetuates itself. As soon as any man sees the eventual destructive end of a course of action, no matter whether he has entered it voluntarily, or because it has been forced upon him as a way 'in which things are done', even though he may not have reached that end as yet, his duty lies in abandoning it immediately, and not counting upon the immature false hope that what will eventually happen, won't. It is not enough to agonize about the necessity of doing something, the something must be done then. If he does not do this, he is doubly cruel, both to himself, and to those whom he injures in the process, even though he may delude himself into thinking that he is sparing 'trouble.' This applies to personal relationships as well as great causes (in the end, the personal impingements are the only great causes). It is no crime to discover a flaw in what was once thought to be of value, but it is criminal to continue, once the flaw has been discovered. Fear of retribution is no excuse. To take a single instance, there is no reason for the existence of most so-called marriages. I am not alarmed at the divorce rate, except that it is lower than it should be, in the light of the misery that most marriage entails. The good ones are not recorded in courthouse registries. Similarly, I can have little patience with continuing complaints without action within a situation. If it is worth complaining about, it is worth changing, and if it is not changed by the complainant, he stands self-convicted of a crime. These considerations are far more important than statutes in some miserable code of ethics, or laws supposed to be of universal protective value, but which actually merely protect one or another vested interest. In a real sense we must destroy all of these. It will lead to the end of nations as such, and it is proper that there should be an end to them. Our lives are not forfeit to any state or obligation unless we allow such artificial considerations and constructions to frighten and tyrannize over us.

I am far more concerned over the growth of law and order, than I am over that of so-called 'crime.' Crime is usually an ineffectual form of protest over some actual injustice. These comments are not intended to seem perverse, though many will think them so, but to stir up possibilities which are in all men, though usually forgotten as childish and irresponsible -- that difficult word again. The only decent relationships are those in which those concerned know when to let the other or others alone to be, and to be themselves, all parties reserving the same rights for themselves. The greater the respect there is for the need of distance, the less actual distance is necessary. To attempt to reform (re-form) anyone on any pretext is a despicable trick, and to be treated with the contempt it deserves.

The falsification of the past will not save us. Some men would like to burn books and records for many varieties of reasons, invariably selfish; but even if they succeed, enough of the heritage seeps through, and the trick is invariably discovered. The attempt is to sway and hold people for the contemptible purposes which masquerade under mouthfilling phrases which include 'piety', 'duty,' and 'patriotism.' The attempt may seem to function for a time without undue questioning, but the vital principle, regardless of what we are accustomed to call intelligence, is revolted, and will eventually reassert itself, no matter what proscribing legislation is opposed to it, usually in the most unlikely places. I am not attempting to exhort, although it may seem much like it. I am standing in personal judgement of my society, and I find it lacking in true intelligence, humanity, and serviceability. Cato used to end speeches with "Carthago delenda est."

To follow the wise old doctor's dictum concerning history and prophecy: "World history will run its course. Many have already seen certain laws of history come to fruition.

With an understanding of these laws, one can make quite wonderful predictions. Events in history are polarized, have a duality. They strike a balance. Aristotle and Plato follow each other. Prophecies are nothing but logical conclusions. When we observe certain symptoms, we expect others to follow, and a prognosis is possible." If we avoid the pragmatic cycles of Toynbee, these are words worth listening to. Certainly Hering knew how he was speaking, and as a homoeopath he had no exclusive faith in the similarities to be found in prognoses. But that one can see tendencies among the plurality of events, would be stupid to deny. When I look forward to the war which is certain to take place within the next ten years, between the establishment, and the ever-tightening alliance of those who, for all their muddleheadedness, and poor judgement in action are interested in permanent values such as human decency, and the ability to love in the widest sense, I am not projecting anything except a sequence of events. Nothing is strong enough to stop that sequence -- not even the ineptness of its prime movers.

Then there is this matter of the prohibition of so-called 'hallucinogenic drugs' in one society, while the whole eastern culture accepts it as a social activity to be taken as a matter of course. For a moment, I do not enter into the possible dangers in the habitual use of some of these substances (from a medical standpoint I would advise against it), but as a social prohibition it is ridiculous and unenforceable, no matter how many so-called 'narcotics bureaus' are set up with severe penalties for the hapless who are caught with certain plant and chemical substances. That all of this should be discouraged by information (the irresponsible use of any drugs) I heartily endorse, but the legal attempt at control I condemn. Was it different in the days of Bach, when coffee drinking was considered in much the same light, except that there were no in-

tolerable jail sentences? Did John Endicott and his Puritan cohorts feel any the less strongly against those who grew tobacco in their Salem kitchen gardens? All of a piece with the rest of established law which serves no purpose except that men are driven to break it, because of the stupidity of the whole situation. It may be that some controls and balances are necessary where large groups of diverse people are concerned, but these must be as few and humane as possible, and always open to infinite interpretation so far as each individual case is concerned.

But then, whom can we trust with what we know to be true, after years of painstaking labor? If they would simply reject our findings as well as our feelings, it would be bearable; but those who are apparently convinced, and begin a course of action which seems to be based on what has been proposed, often introduce antidotes, not to widen the experience, but because they actually have no real trust in what has been given them. It is disheartening -- but one goes on -- giving what is needed, but not really wanted, and is perhaps grateful, if it is considered with any energy at all, even though it may be negative, or actively hostile energy, since at least the given is actively considered, and may show through in a different light later -- this is preferable to a shrug of indifference. I am thinking of a recent case, which rankles and wounds by turns, but there is a universal application. A man can count himself fortunate if he finds one or two in a lifetime who understand what he has to say to them. So that even those who understand most may be those who reject him, and his proffered gift, still they do understand, and he is wise not to object in the face of enlightened rejection. At some point there may be one who actually embraces and enhances the life with which he has come in contact: by way of an illustrative example of what has gone before. This is the frustration of

all of us.

And then there is the necessary exaggeration, and bitter denunciation by which it may be possible to stir a relatively mild reaction. The dullness which is foisted on the keenest of us by the attempted regimentation of the mass, calls for extreme measures before any appreciable recognition can occur.

To stand aside, and yet to be involved in the very center of things. It is almost a Zen paradox, and yet very possible if one is content to handle himself -- not others. The revolution will not be won by soldiers, but by the quiet strength of the outsiders, concerted by its very fragmentary disparateness -- it will come through those who participate most by not participating.

To return to earlier concerns: as a friend says, if we wish to accomplish anything really coherent in the context of our society ('our' being the immediacy of any social structure in any time) values have to be reversed -- what is accepted as of paramount 'importance' must be downgraded, if not turned inside out, and what is looked upon as its evil counterpart, strengthened. Getting down to cases, it should be made much harder to enter into a binding contract such as marriage, but not through the coercion of laws to that effect, and conversely

much easier to dissolve such a contract, when it becomes necessary, and to do this on actual terms. No more lying technicalities to achieve what has to be for those involved -- i.e., divorce. Room for men to develop their individual responsibilities in honest words and actions. Who gives a real reason for what he does, as things exist at present? And who gives a shit on either side for the truth of the matter? It is all manipulated, and the more clever the manipulation, the more the pitiful result is applauded.

Thus far I have spoken only of the negative aspects in many areas where there are some which hold promise, even though it is promise with serious limitations, and perhaps holding none of the good which can be foreseen by those working for it. By not allying myself in action with those who are fond of thinking themselves the young revolutionaries, I am very deeply in sympathy with those of them who are seriously concerned, and who by methods, often devious and relying upon surprise and confusion in the establishment, show themselves capable of waging masterful attack. That they will have need of those of us who cannot, for basic reasons, fight as they do (though our involvement is no less real) is often recognized by some of the most forceful -- those who recognize that this is a war of values, and not of generations. scorn the so-called 'liberals', and those who are active on merely intellectualized moral grounds, particularly those who organize protest marches with all the zeal of a Sunday School picnic, and they have familiarized themselves with political procedure. I cannot help but compare them to the Russian students of the last century, who actually drafted the eventual success of 1917, far more than Marx or Lenin. While some of them will drop out, or become exhausted by pressures of which they are only dimly aware at present, and others will be incapable of living in a quieter vein once the transformation of this intolerable society is accomplished, they are fortunate in being able to recognize it as such. Their aims will not be fully realized, but the effort counts. Wherever the 'V' appears, an immediacy of living appears with it. They do appear as the thinkers in a world not overly-burdened with them. -- Events may force me, and others like me, to become more involved as events change possibilties, and a genuine opposition strengthens into some sort of unity. We can hope that the respect we hold for the young men will continue to extend equally from them to us. Their earnestness, and essential kindness has moved us. The climate will change but slightly, ultimately, but it will change.

So, looking up from a letter, to what a letter implies.

/sections #1 - #6 of Enslin's SYNTHESIS have appeared in Caterpillars 11, 13, 14, 15/16, 17 & 18. Section #8 will appear in Caterpillar 20, spring 1972. SYNTHESIS is now completed, 24 sections in all. 7

César Vallejo:

HYMN TO THE VOLUNTEERS FOR THE REPUBLIC

Volunteer for Spain, civilian-fighter with legitimate bones, when your heart marches to die, when it marches to kill with its universal agony, I don't know trulv what to do, where to put myself; I run, write, clap, cry, scrutinize, shatter, the lights go out, I command my chest to stop, good, to come, & I want to lose my state of grace; I uncover my impersonal forehead until I touch the glass of blood, I stop, my appearance is stopped by the architect's famous falls through which the animal that honors itself honors me; my instincts flow back to their ties, happiness smokes before my tomb &, again, without knowing what to do, without anything, leave me alone,

from my blank stone, leave me alone, alone, alone, an ape, closer, much further, since your long ecstatic instant won't fit between my hands I offer my tinyness, costumed in greatness, against your double edged charge!

One fertile, alert, clear, light-filled day on black biennial, those awful periods of begging, through which the gun-powder went biting at its own elbows! O hard rock of sorrow & even harder rock of rock! O bridles, those the people themselves were forced to bite! One day they struck their captive match, prayed in fury

& supremely full, circular,
they closed their birthright with elected hands;
the landowners were already dragging their padlocks
& in their padlocks their dead bacteria...
Battles? NO! PASSIONS! And Passions preceded
by anguish with iron-bars of hope,
by anguish of common people with hopes of men!
Death & passion for peace, of common people!
Death & passion for war between olive groves, let's get that

/straight!

As in your breathing the winds are changing their atmospheric /needles

& the tombs in your chest their key, your frontal rising to the highest power of martyrdom.

The world exclaims: "Those Spaniards are at it again!" And /it's true. Consider,

during a balance, point-blank, Calderón, asleep on the tail of a dead amphibian or Cervantes saying: "My kingdom is of this world, but also of the other": point & edge in two roles! Contemplate Goya, on his knees & praying before a mirror, Coll the palatine in whose cartesian assault one could see a sweating cloud walking slowly, or Quevedo, that instantaneous grandfather of the dynamiters, or Cajal, devoured by its infinite smallness, or even Teresa, a woman, dying because she was not dying, or Lina Odena, in conflict on more than one point with Teresa (Every act or voice of genius comes from the common people & goes toward them, directly or conveyed by incessant motes, by the rose-colored smoke of bitter countersigns -- which failed). Thus your child, civilian-fighter, thus your feeble child shaken by a motionless stone sacrifices itself, stands apart, decays upward & through its incombustible flame rises, rises toward the weak, handing out spains to the bulls,

bulls to the doves...

Proletarian who dies of universe, in what frantic harmony your greatness will end, your extreme poverty, your propelling whirlpool, your methodical violence, your theoretical & practical chaos, vour Dantesque hunger, so very Spanish, to love, even treacherously, your /enemy! Liberator wrapped in shackles, without whose labor extension would still be without handles, the nails would wander, headless, the day, ancient, slow, colored, our beloved helmets, unburied! Peasant with your green foliage dying for mankind, with the social inflection of your little finger, with your ox that won't budge, with your physics, also with your word tied to a stick & your rented sky & the clay imbedded in your tiredness, that which was in your fingernail, walking! Farmer builders, civilian & military, of the active swarming eternity; it was written that you would create the light, half-closing your eyes in death;

O fabulous beggars begging for your own secretion of blood even gold itself will be then made of gold!

All men will love each other

All men will love each other & all will eat holding the ends of your sad handkerchiefs & all will drink in the name of your doomed throats!

All men will rest while walking at the foot of this track,

abundance will come on seven platters, everything

that, at the cruel fall of your mouths,

in the world will be of sudden gold

& the gold

they will sob thinking of your orbits, happy
they will be & to the sound
of your atrocious return, burgeoned, non-born,
tomorrow they will adjust their chores, the figures they have

/dreamt & sung!

The same shoes will fit whoever climbs to his own body without trails & whoever descends to the form of his soul! Interlacing the mutes will speak, the crippled will walk! The blind, upon coming back, will see & the deaf palpitating will listen! The ignorant will be wise, the wise will be ignorant! Kisses that you could not give will be given! Death alone will die! The ant will bring crumbs to the elephant chained to his brute delicacy; the aborted children will be born again perfect, spacial, & all men will work, all men will reproduce, all men will understand!

Worker, savior, our redeemer, forgive us, brother, our debts!
As the drum says in its roll, in its sayings:
"What an ephemeral never, your back!
What a changing always, your profile!"

Anti-fascist Italian volunteer, among whose animals of battle an Abyssinian lion is limping!

Soviet volunteer, marching at the head of your universal /chest!

Volunteers from the South, from the North, from the East & you, the Westerner, closing the funereal song of the dawn! Known soldier, whose name parades in the sound of an embrace! Fighter that the land raised, arming you with dust, shoeing you with positive magnets,

shoeing you with positive magnets, your personal beliefs in force,

different in character, your ferule private, your complexion immediate, your language walking over your shoulders & your soul crowned with pebbles! Volunteer girdled by your cold temperate or torrid zone, heroes all around, victim in a column of conquerors: in Spain, in Madrid, they are calling you to kill, volunteers in the service of life!

Because in Spain killing goes on, others kill
the child, his toy that runs down,
radiant mother Rosenda,
old Adam who talked out loud with his horse
& the dog that slept on the stairs.
They kill the book, they fire at its auxiliary verbs,
at its defenseless first page!
They kill the exact case of the statue,
the sage, his cane, his colleague,
the barber next door -- maybe he cut me,
but he is a good man &, besides, unlucky;
the beggar who yesterday sang across the street,
the nurse who today passed by crying,
the priest loaded down with the stubborn highness of his knees...

Volunteers,
for life, for the good ones, kill
death, kill the bad ones!
Do it for the freedom of everybody,
for the exploited & the exploiter,
for a griefless peace -- I envision it
when I sleep at the foot of my forehead
& even more when I run about shouting -& do it, I keep saying,
for the illiterate to whom I write,
for the barefoot genius & his lamb,
for the fallen comrades,

their ashes hugging the corpse in the road!

That you,
volunteers for Spain & for the world, would come,
I dreamed that I was good, & it was only to see
your blood, volunteers...
Since then there has been much chest, many desires,
many camels old enough to pray.
Today the good, burning, marches on your side,
reptiles with immanent eyelashes follow you with tenderness,
& two steps away, only one,
the direction of water that runs to see its limit before it burns.

tr. by Clayton Eshleman 7

Translators Note

Vallejo's HYMN is the first of 15 poems in a collection called "España, Aparta De Mi Este Caliz", most of wch were written the fall of 1937, about 6 months before the poet's death. Since 1930 Vallejo had spent a lot of time in Spain & over the 7 years had built up not only an enormous charge of sympathy & affiliation with the Spanish "cause" but had also found in Spain a true matrix, a mothering power, his spiritual Peru.

Since I am completing a translation of this collection of poems it made sense to me to print the HYMN in Caterpillar #19, placing it after Enslin's thoughts on human responsibility & before Meyer's thoughts on the American Dream.

A few notes on historical specifics may help the reader unaware of the poem's background. I am indebted for the following information as well as considerable help on the translation itself to the Spanish poet & scholar J. Rubia Barcia of the Department of Spanish at U.C.L.A.

"Volunteer for Spain" (line 1) refers

to the improvised army of the Spanish Republic made up mostly of civilians who opposed the uprising against the legally-elected government of the country in 1936, at the beginning of the war. At first these people were only Spaniards, then later foreigners, when the conflict polarized itself into a fight between "right" and "left".

In lines 20-21 Vallejo fully opens himself to the conflict, & thus to death, envisioning this act as a torero working against a bull's "double edged charge". His "costumed in greatness" is in this sense the bullfighter's garb, the "traje de luces."

The "black biennial" refers to 1934 - 36, a period of great national turmoil wch preceded the war.

Lines 41 thru 52 are an extraordinary weave of great Spanish artists of the past & contemporary heroes. Antonio Coll was the first man to successfully (& on foot, with a small home-made bomb) combat the Italian tanks. Don Santiago Ramón y Cajal was the Spanish recipient of the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1906; he worked mainly on brain-cells. "Teresa" is of course Santa Teresa to whom a sonnet is attributed with the famous line. "I die because I do not die". Lina Odena, a 19 year old girl from Cataluña, was killed in the southern front of Granada.

In line 121 there is an allusion to the Abyssinian "negus" or "lion of Judea" who was exiled by the invading fascist forces of Mussolini. The Italians fought in the Spanish Civil War on both sides.

"in Madrid" (line 138)

refers to the famous siege of Madrid where the first International Brigades fought for the first time together, in the service of the Spanish Republic.

Thomas Meyer: ON THE AMERICAN MYTH

If the British Myth is The Seven Sleepers (Arthur & his Knights) then, in a simplistic but mythic fashion, the American Myth is their Dream. From the early explorations by the English of North America up to certainly post WW 2, America has been the Golden Age, for the British the dream come true but still the dream not a waking just as Arthur's death is not death but sleep. (The binary off/on, 2 poles in one, of a myth's central experience & imago.) America has certainly lived, up til now, as though she were her forefather's Dream, the ease & push of a gigantic energy to make the Golden Age come true. Since coming to England I have had the feeling that much of the rot in the US was due to the Dream coming true, realized by the majority (ie., the W. A. S. P. 's). Commodities seem to be the concrete quality of that Golden Age & now that almost every WASP can have a color TV in addition to everything else, his soul vanishes being no longer sustained by desire.

Commodities at the beginning of this Dream (ie with Raleigh ec) were nature; wood, stone, plant. (It has been suggested that Queen Bess backed these early expeditions because she thought that they would find a cure on our shores for her syphilis.) The image of America for the British has always been, it seems, one of wealth, a sweet-smelling place. (Raleigh comments on the odor of the land, just as the Vikings did some 500 years before.) So greed's seed of trade & profit exist from the myth's start, yet always overwhelmed, thus hidden, by a genuine wonder that matched the quality of the best of dreams. I'd hazard to say that the American development of the British 'sleeping myth' is a 'waking-to-dream myth'. When America appears on the scene, suddenly the imagination

is filled with the notion that Arthur's waking is not his rising to blow the trumpet by day but his horn ringing through dream like a command to dream, ie. the signal for the cultivation of aspirations & the desire they thrive on. Arthur's sleep = dream = America = potential = realization, this chain has been realized as 'ownership', commodoties then, once the land's been shared out.

The important thing in all this, I think, is the contrary-solutions: death not death, (ie Sleep) / waking not waking, (ie Dream). If Arthur woke, his central function would be lost & the bottom of all believers' hearts would fall out just as if the American Dream were to come true, then American Dreamers would, like Jung's Aborigine shaman noted about his own tribe when Western Aid came with technology to 'help' them, no longer have dreams.

Loss of dreams means loss of soul, a danger currently afoot in our great, broad land. The problem being that the dream was for too little, or so we now see. The Great American Public has gained their heart's desire: immediate comfort. Two things happen when the dream comes true (ie works itself out, for in the mythic structure of waking not waking there can be no getting out of bed) 1) the last dream leads to the next, or 2) the dreamer becomes a sleeper thus losing the consciousness dream brings, rendering him soul-less, dream-less, conscious-less.

When I say the American Public has immediate comfort, I mean that they now own what they want through the grace of the economic structure & that that ownership (of land or commodities) is relatively unthreatened, even, in effect, by the collapse of the economy that allows for it. Material objects, like the heart's fulfilled desires, can't really be taken away without some total catastrophe that would so alter the world in such a way that it would become another, one where all desires & object would be completely different.

That total catastrophe is obviously quite different from sleep or loss or change of dream. It would mean that we would have to stand absolutely changed, freed from the power of a controling myth NOT more revealed (which seems to be the function of 'the next dream') or less revealed (the function of dream turned to sleep.)

To stand absolutely changed is beyond the power of myth, in that there is no image of potential that any myth can supply as a guide. Whereas the psychopomp, the great King (ie., Arthur) or the guru can lead us to self-revelation. & it's clear that absolute change means this or that myth's death; total wipe-out of collective unconscious or all threads of human/divine life/death forms. Yet such a catastrophe seems part of it all, a hint whose energies are very powerful as well as useful. They function as the loss taken in order to gain rebirth.

To get back to Arthur: Britain can lose Arthur to sleep in order to regain the New Order (or Jerusalem). But, in this web I weave, can America lose it's dream to gain the dream again? Can it sleep to dream when waking has never been a level or state accounted for in the myth? Arthur's subjects can work on, knowing one day their King will come back (wake up). But can Americans blank out (sleep) knowing that void will be interupted by dream. No, I think not, aha the rub. The flaw, perhaps in my reading of this matter alone, but yet I still contend (& it is very much part of 'The American Dream') that waking cannot be a function (by the 'laws of myth') of the dream-state. Waking being an image of the contrary to sleeping, is not the contrary to dreaming because notdreaming can't equal not-sleeping. & as I've said, not-dreaming = not-having-soul. In work on dream, I discovered that dreaming could be a total function, that it went on all the time, during waking & sleeping & that we tuned in on it now & then. But to take such a view destroys all sense of work or progress toward revelation because it threatens the opposites.

So I come to some point. The American Myth is bound to a linear sense of progression or must be, otherwise there is an end to the myth's structure & its development. The contraries in myth allow for energy, for if they were one-sided absolutes then they would be static & atrophe along with the hearts that held them. That in a way is what I think might be happening with the 'American Dream.'

Progression is important here as it is almost contrary to the notion of change as an opposite. To sleep then wake is a change without progression. While to dream, then dream some more is a progression without an immediate & gross opposite functioning as a mode of change. I come to this by holding sleep to be dream's opposite & as such, a threat. If we were speaking in the specific sense of the Shaman's training it would not be a threat, this loss-of-dream = soul, but since we're speaking of a nation it is true, I believe, that no mass of peoples, ie, a nation, should be encouraged to risk their soul. For that very reason the shaman exists, * that he may die & be reborn for our 'sins'. That's a danger of dream as a 'democratic' myth. The 'people' must be encouraged to keep on dreaming to gain their souls, not give up dreaming (ie sleep) because, we know, few have the strength to return from such a sleep.

I cannot say what would bring the dream back to America, if I'm right that it has been lost for many. The last five years

.

^{*} in the British Myth Arthur is in part a shaman, but in the American Myth the Dream becomes divorced from him & becomes internalized in all who partake of it; therefore the nature of the American Dream is democratic, not aristocratic. Interesting that America as a culture (WASP again) has no shaman figure.

have been filled with the symptoms of trying to revive the ability to dream, but they seem to have accomplished little. Dreams return, it seems, only when their loss is felt & recognized as such. 7 years ago I thought all this had to do with the Aquarian age: in simplistic terms, those who dreamed would become separated from those who do not, but without violent rift (except in the initial stages of separation, ie the present turmoil). There would then be a kind of smooth running world, a clock-work of gears & integers in which both dreamers & not-dreamers functioned to maintain biological life. The outcome would be the dying off of not-dreamers & gradual change/return & heightened energy of the Dream Time/Age. I think such an age may be upon us now, in that the dream functions & protects those who hold it. The loss of secrets encourages more specific dreams, refining dreamers. Much of what I'm saying is the model of a Secret Order, the necessary training of an initiate in order that he may live in the world. But you see I have now become 'aristocratic', a 'devil take the masses' attitude which is not a function of dream not now when Chesed or Avalokiteshvara or Kwanyin are the constellation from which the Age must come as an imago. Tricky this, I guess I'm saying that one must learn to hold the image of compassion in his heart & then go his way. & my sense then of the aristocracy is that it is made up of those who DO NOT cry out for mercy, who do not absorb the glance of The Downward Looking One but recharge & transmit that glance. The masses then are those who finally cry out for mercy & absorb it thus losing all but the most basic functions of dream. Hard to say, perhaps I' m beating a dead horse, spewing up half-baked notions but whenever I think on the 'Age' I am filled with 'compassion', the need to deliver people from pain & the kind of futility one feels looking at those who make it their business 'to better humankind'.

Yet so far the only 'answer' I see lies in personal salvation for the good of all (as it were). The man who dreams & uses his dream through his very existence alone should ease those that have lost it & either return them to it or take away the

pain they feel, almost like mercy-killing.

The 'big hurt' in my life, the forked path where mercy would have been mine to die in or live through, was integrated when a girl sat down next to me & asked: 'What is a Book of the Dead?' Snap. & the Bardo Thodol delivered me, thus my answer to anyone else always smacks of that volume.* I do see the American Dream-loss as a much more diffused version of the individual soul's dark night or not-dream.

BUT I do not believe that the answer to any situation like that America now experiences lies in encouraging each man to work his own salvations. Hierarchies are a vital function of this & all other worlds. Part of the flaw in the American Dream is the assumption that any man can become president, vide Abe Lincoln, which on another level would be to say: any man can become Magister Templii.

Your Cousteau image is most apt. In some Jungian way (to be sloppy with my terms) that is what's wrong: we (america) flounder on the depths of the 'unconscious' unable to bring that dark to light & integrate it. Again, in your image is perhaps a key: fish with fin-legs, an evolution that must mean (maybe) that the creature has lost the ability to 'swim' upwards & has now adapted himself to the sea-ground, fin turning to leg -- inversion yet identical image to the grand notion of the fish crawling out of the waters onto dry earth-ground. The power of your image lies in that inversion as long as it contains its opposite (the contrary notion of sea-ground & earth-ground) yet that power can dissipate the image as well as charge it, no? Ie, the fish seeks to transform its 'legs' to fins in order to get to the surface, in order to survive.

I suspect what I' m coming to is that we are strung between

^{*} I mean no arrogance here, or that I am 'saved' -- only that I am & have been for a period of time freed from the destructive powers of PAIN & perhaps in that freed of PAIN...

opposites, & that violence errupts when there is a 'denial' or ignoring of one pole or the other; yet my horror is that the violence might not errupt or may be dissipated so that we lie on sea-ground without developing legs, or lose all hint of fin. The action of opposites does by its very nature create some kind of movement, I trust, & it is hard to say or define whether the direction of that movement is negative or positive (except in the relative area of immediate effect).

A point that occurs to me is that any image, even that of the void, is part of the dream & would in effect mean that it ain't lost.

Like I said in my last letter, it is impossible to imagine the absolute void (even as I write this I see that to name, ie, use a word, means that it does not exist -- that vast, NOT). Here, in a way Jungian (sloppy terms again) thought must be careful, for the minute anything is named it enters the ring of dream (therefore not-dreaming is very much a part of dreaming). I say Jungian thought must be careful because if one is blind to the fact that all named-things are of the Dream (or within the ring of image) then they are treated as alien to it & generally misunderstood. The error would manifest itself as trying to integrate something which has already been partially integrated. This is a very subtle point, but one on which everything I' ve been saying seems to rest.

/from two letters, 29 August & 8 September 1972, to C.E.7

Clayton Eshleman: COILS

for Robert Kelly

Stood by the bedside, watched her shrunk body breathing brown monkey-like on her side, her hair moth-eaten eyes open in half sleep, Methodist Hospital on Meridian at 16th, where I was born out this womb June 1935 "born this day at 10: 50 A.M. His Daddy seeing him enter this old world. A Little Clayton Jr.

dream at last realized & our prayers answered. Thank God for it all." Once again I saw the Okumura Garden & stood in the

morning light by the maple by the red pregnant spider's web
There had been a garden before, a sandbox & the white picket
fence, two gardens, three, the years warm & confusing
In the Okumura Garden I awoke from her dream for me
to be a Junior, to participate in my round of the collectivecoil
The spider was the sign of my awakening & as I studied it daily
I seemed to learn nothing, its light-green yellow-speckled red
abdomen was just more swollen every day, I stood by -- in trance
as I stand by this bedside now in the trance of the mystery of
cycles, yet then as now Yorunomado was bringing me another

kind

brought me COATLICUE, a photo of that Aztec idol. "serpent-skirt" it meant, under the photo was written: Mother of the Gods. I watched the spider & my mothering education told me I shd learn its parts, build the poem out of observed particulars a rational thing Yet Yorunomado had set his torch to my heart & the fumes were smoking upward, I looked at the spider & saw COATLICUE, I smelled a density of odor in the Okumura Gar-

den that
did not begin or end with my body, but COATLICUE, This

was the
coloration in the sign, that knowledge went to COATLICUE

k not in
words for the spider's anatomy. Now COATLICUE seems

originally

a person, not an idol but an Aztec woman the story goes, out sweeping the desert doing penance & a feather fell from sky, she tucked it between her stomach & her breasts, went home & found herself pregnant. Her many sons & evil sister wanted to kill her for this, she was terrified but the foetus spoke to her saying

Do not fear; I know what I am doing. When the sons & sister

to kill her the baby lept forth fully-armed, his body painted bright-blue, his left leg slender & feathered, he killed the sons & chopped the sister into pieces, from this time on the story goes he is named Huitzilopochtli the God of War. I stand before the woman & the story, I see at work in the nature of the human an alternating rhythm of birth & birth, Coatlicue the woman become COATLICUE 10 feet tall Ferocious Yet not meaning to be human, but a code to divine the structure of generation, mandala, look upon me my mother is saying & between me & you will be a golden string, you will see in this coiling string a meaning never fully revealed. If you fear the

you will arrest this nature, you will take a piece of it & call It Meaning, but everything I am is meaning, who I was to you when you played in your sandbox at 3 learning how to cover it nightly so kitty wouldn't get in & dirty where you played, O then how my love for you was enormous & filled with light, shimmer of light in the leaves of my love for you, Will you call that the limit? That my meaning? And when you held on to white pickets at 12 & longed in your first remembered heat to put your penis into Jeannie Woodring I began to separate from the beech & the light in its leaves, you began to dream her into your nature so I stood then stark in the kitchen watching you,

& what you desired was no longer my warmth infolding you but something hotter & sharper, a torrid center of blazing fire I could not enter, & will you see me finally in that moment? My dream over at your birth, my life over at your heat, 47 years old, becoming more & more restrictive & thin as I placed the plate with weenies on it before you. And in an instant my mother moves from 47 to 72, in an instant I left her & now I see what I left on this bed, a grin the nature of the mystery is making at me, she is small enough now for me to carry like a lamb in my arms, to stand in the black light of the pasture & hold her bones & fondle her dry aged arms, her wrist tagged with a number, Did I do this sweeps through my hold with a meaning below my own meaning, am I responsible for the idea of death, is that the source of my feeling a murderer & knowing I am, a murderer in the collective coil, or is that just abuse, all the hurts & desires acoil in my mind. No -- I did hurt you, I thought I had to be free of you. And will you then take that as my image? And then I am down on my knees crawling out from under her dining-room table onto ground that is dry & I am speaking to you as I crawl saying Look at what that torrid center has become, look, I am 31,000 years old

I am standing by that fence holding on to white pickets but look at the form that holding on has taken on, look at this desert I am crawling on seeking water -- But I am not responsible for that, my mother speaks, you were down under the table connecting your tubes to Daddy, I don't even know what you are talking about -- No, I said, I was down under the table cutting my tubes to father, those tubes I can cut, but not my instinctual ties to you, those can only be transformed, Don't you understand that when I was standing in the Okumura Garden watching the red spider & wondering over COATLICUE, that I was standing before my nature, which has everything to do with you?

Reached the point where imagination became the inverse of this world, there I took the mirage for real, the sand as mirage, what I imagined became real, a giant indian whore in a stable outside of Ica was a lick of moisture, & before her the Greek woman Bloomington 1965 looked like moisture like bloody drops of hot moisture these moments fell onto my desert Do not take them as my image my mothering soul was whispering to me, This desert is Indiana, is your state of mind bred of Indiana. What do you see in the cracks of mirage? I see my penis pushing toward a point of red, I see a center opening & closing that I seek blindly, drunkenly, when I am alone, when I exist in Indiana bred marriage the desert again becomes real I am back in linear time, a work of art to make in misery but misery to be concealed in wit & blanketing of imagination, each thought a grain The grain in wood a swirl of thought now decomposing/composing under my hands This is your Last Judgement the Error to be consolidated then cast off Your penis is a dragon-tail Take hold Pull your body out of Indiana is Fear your Body is what you glimpse in that crack your Body is the code of a wholeness of being And I hesitated, I was afraid, for I saw my contraries were

now in motion, there was no turning back, my femaleness was preparing to be revealed, If I turned back now it wild be to live with awareness in the state of Indiana, I saw that contradiction, saw

Gil Ring hammer the crucifix into his livingroom wall, saw my

congeal into wit & bitterness under which is religious deadness
But I feared to go on for the contraries now revolving COATLI
CUE

within Coatlicue Coatlicue within COATLICUE in beautiful

serpentine coils had no desert beneath them. I looked into my coils If you go & be with woman you must see this world, which is the crucifixion of woman, as unreal You must live within these coils O mother, I cried, you are not that weenie damnation You are poetry YOU ARE NOT THAT WEENIE DAMNATION IS POETRY You are a poor dreamless spectre, that happy mother who / nursed me You are the woman who gave up your dream when I was born I was your dream & thus you no longer had one, conned by an aggregate of superstition & patriarchal religious malice into believing your function in life was generation at the expense of human imaginative fulfillment, yet I must understand your / giving birth to my body as a sacrifice, your nourishing me as forgiveness, Seeking my own soul still tied to yours I drove myself into / nightmare to get back into a dream, nightmare the void myself an armless worm hurtling through my small intestine night after night in 1963 Your face, Your searching face at the end of my coils I expected to see But COILS ARE BOTTOMLESS, this means, in linear time You were never there, I "expected" to see your face seeking me holding a candle to my anus; as long as I thought I was shit I thought you would be there --Then go forth into a birth that is & is not your own

To enter woman is the end of nightmare self-containment

According to Indiana fucking is 6 inches in

To the imagination fucking is merely a parting of the curtains

The sun & stars shout with joy in her bottomless space

19647

I had disemboweled myself to arrest the suicidal heart of Indiana. I now sealed off my stomach & **/1**966**/** sought out -- rolled out of the bunk bed in Blackburn's workroom & said ok Paul, I'll go with you to "Max's Kansas City" who knows, maybe I'll meet someone there. In the very same moment as in the past I had thwarted my own spinning in apprenticework to Origin I now with only <u>/</u>1963 - 6<u>5</u>/ (yet what an only!) a golden string spun out $\sqrt{19707}$ of my solar plexus released myself into the mirage which yawned an abyss below the drunk horde of Eshlemans on the rope-bridge over the Mayan Pass!

A bloodstone-lined vault it appeared immense, cistern-shaped, I floated a tiny sky-diver against night, Poppi how can you FLY? Matthew called up to me, I am not flying! I called down to him, I am falling! But here you must not dream the mothering soul was speaking, here you are dreaming yet here you must rudder your dream --But must I exclude the giving myself over to hearing Matthew in my dream I returned, You told me everything I am is meaning, How can there be a command while I float down into the abyss? You have transformed me to a great extent, it spoke, I am no longer your mother, nor your soul, I am your meaning now traveling at your side As you have evolved me you must evolve -- you still seek to remember Matthew, to hear in the poem his cry Memory punctures the closed-circuit of vision

Then as suddenly I was standing again, in the bottom of a vast place, in a muck up to my knees, which I recognized as silage, that I was at the bottom of a silo wch was the imagin—

/ ative

shape of the Abyss of Indiana, an urn crossed my mind, Was

walked a little, felt the wall Almost pitch black a little light from somewhere. mossy, crumbly, fecundodor. found a door More than one? shd I open it? no handle, felt like pine sealed in the silo-side. I turned around leaned against it played with myself quickly got it hard came & the door gave, tumbled into a big room Hadn't been noticed, so I crouched & began to shit while I watched what was going on --A movie was being shown, sounded like 8 mm. a little home movie screen, title came on "Coatlicue" like a classroom film. There was an indian woman with a broom sweeping on aha! the desert -- sad look in her face Now a feather turning in sky falling She picks it up hmm that's a nice feather Think I'll take it home Well I think I' ve seen this movie before so I looked around Cldn't see the ceiling, a temple feeling, fire-smoke, off to the side of the screen a bunch of men in little slave skirts building something. looked like -- then I saw the urn. They had an urn about 4 feet tall 2 feet wide, placed it on a rock. written on the urn's side in chalky-blue letters the word RELIGION -- Some more men were

bringing something to it, were carrying (& I looked back to the screen, then to them -- the body of Coatlicue (but the myth said Huitzilopochtli was born. I thought Coatlicue went free But no it WAS Coatlicue's body they were carrying & was she a mess. bloody, eyes out. they broke each of her arms, then each of her legs & wedged her into RELIGION. A couple smoked Then more men came in out of the silo-side, two carrying something looked like a small wet sheet, they turtle-necked it down over RELIGION, it looked like Coatlicue's flayed torso
/ skin

flat meatless tits hanging over the chalky letters, more men

coming in, all in those funny little skirts, some bearing long quetzal feathers, one had an enormous pair of eagle-feet which he placed before the urn. Another slave made two cigarette burns in the insteps so it looked as if there were eyes in the / insteps

in under the dressed-urn, bundling the quetzal-feathers together for legs, another slave carried in a huge fat dead rattlesnake, the head & about 4 feet of length; they fitted this between the legs, made it look as if it were drooping down out of the urn (like a

it struck me), head between eagle-feet, mouth open Now more

with a mess of writhing little rattlers, these they arranged / around

the bottom of the dressed-urn, a skirt More slaves Two with /heavy

belt beaded alternately severed-hands ripped-out-hearts, draped this "necklace" around the "shoulders" of the dressed-urn.

Two

chunks of stone were fixed to the dressed-urn-shoulders, severed rattler-heads, open-fanged, to the stones. Generation now nearly complete, with these rattler-forearm-outleaps, was thatch-marked all over by several slaves with knives & in each thatch-frame a peyote-bud was impressed; the slaves moved back as if to admire their work. Two shadowy forms

out the urn-mouth, two big rattler heads, neck-bodies arching out backwards while they faced inward -- then closed like sliding doors Kissed & Froze making A head which spoke

Huitzilopochtli's Vision

Out of your mother jealousy & out of your mortal fear I will rise

many-armed, I will involute & grow a self-contained dread so vulnerable they will murder you & worship you, I will teach

worship of your murder through that most silent thing stone, one little fear watered daily thru ritual

is eighty-foot dolmen families on knee tremble before COATLICUE I will build, but will not explain it is a code; instead

I will call woman mother, I will cut down into her chest, sink a uterus into her stomach thus mitigating her solar fire, Woman is dirty

I will propose, because she is bloody with my own idea of death. I will thus recircuit the cathedral of her vagina

into a slaughterhouse where

hungry foetuses exchange baton, I will manufacture perfumes out of her pulverized cathedral to dab on her bloody gate, men will hate

this place yet they will be insanely drawn to it, it will appear telluric & magnetic, the cohesive madness of society, against which men

will rush or debate or ponder off in

ashrams while others, given up, will live in dark shacks & dream -- But not just dream, they too

will be busy, breaking their foetuses in, lighting incense, girding themselves for war, delighting in symbolic acts, bayonet-lunge,

yet insisting these acts are not symbolic, but natural to man.
And my victims, where are they?
O where are you, victims, cowering

in your dark stained Peruvian colors inwrapped against the sunset in rose & dirty crimson filthy black greasy scarlet, O souls of women Why

do you hang back in the dark migraine stables, why do you not organize forth, come forth in your righteous cause, come fully forth with your en-

cumbering uteri, your bothersome chestweights, come forth into my ax-work. Until my generational throne is under-cut by mutual vision of regeneration

women will wander out on the road at night animal-souls before my beaming eyes, for my car is not armor, but an alembic in which a girl is gang-fucked,

dear old Plymouth dirty backseat, dear beer-cans on the floor, hair-grease-smudged window you make her real, dear crammed butt-tray, oil-smell O empty front-seat, cracked rear-view mirror, I glance & see Tenochtitlan, contrary

of Indianapolis white wash, a few yards away the Sons of the Sepik-Delta smoke & piss & joke, secretly they want to all

cram into her cunt together & there blow themselves apart,
To die In a paradise
They can Foul -- millions

arranged in stadium hypnotized by an oval where ants represent them -- I will distort energy thus & raise a priesthood

to enfore & weekly meet in worship of mutilated human being

-- the projector
was turned off.
The slaves
started cleaning up
Pretty soon
everything
had been
removed
except
the internal
structure
they' d

created:

Kindly old Reverend Ragan at the 46th Street entrance to Fairview Presbyterian Church, shaking our hands, thanking us for attending,

mother & Daddy & I went off enclosed in one thought: would I behave at Sunday dinner I turned to Yorunomado now by me by my mother's bed -- I asked him to assimilate her body, that she be buried at the center of my poetry; yet thru his eyes I saw her alive & fine,

around 50, sitting up in bed, with a pitcher of wine on her / night-table,

She offered me wine from her bed, passing me a glass of it as I left, looked into it, then fled! the bodies of numberless dead, The burgundy, Yorunomado spoke, is loaded, a piece of her placenta is stuck inside you. Go back to the 59th line of Huitzilopochtli's Vision -- you are still desiring your mother, thus I cannot assimilate her. The wine you take from her is

afloat
with bees & flies, a brew, not a wine; a witch is still alive in
your mind. I flew back to the 59th line, found the Plymouth still
parked off 86th Street in the woods behind the golf-course, my
teen-age werefriends milling around while one by one we took
turns inside. I could not immediately understand why
this scene was stillborn in my mind. There must be a total
transformation, Yorunomado said -- there is something
in your present life keeping this scene intact. As long as it
remains intact you will dream your mother is alive. And as

as she is alive I cannot receive her. I think I know where this /leads.

I told him, why you have brought me again to fall 1950 Indianapolis, for as I look at this Plymouth I see another car, a Volkswagen Caryl & I rented a Sunday the spring of 1950, drove to Harriman State Park & ate LSD in the woods. Filled with that poison I began to shout for Hollie, my "new" Marie, the person I had chosen, after meeting Caryl, to love, but love as self-torture. Before Caryl I was screaming for Hollie -- why are you not here? Up to that time I had responded to Caryl only with my body; in my mind I still saw woman femme fatal on one hand, housewife on the other. Caryl & I came back to the car at dusk, parking-lot filled with picnicing Puerto-Ricans. Caryl had her camera, we started taking pictures of each other over the back of the Volkswagen -- once looking thru the lens

I saw Caryl -- saw Caryl -- not La Muerte nor a slave but an exasperated sweating angry woman who was original! She was not the image of woman I had absorbed in my mind. She was not superficial, she was fresh.

At that moment I felt my woman image divide, & fall to the ground, a broken mask -- yet in that very moment something in me refused to fully be with Caryl. I still had a piece of need to hurt her, to be almost totally with her but not quite, & thus the dream you Yorunomado picked up a moment ago in this vision, the shadow moving a 50 year old mother up in bed was my fantasy of the "beautiful Mokpo" I could sneak off & fuck when I have no sexual need to. In the composition of my mind that Mokpo stands for what of Indiana still clings in me, the ritual tendency to destroy what I have achieved, a composite that includes hurting who I most love, projecting itself on a woman, seeing woman as "dark" opposed to its own "light", making woman repository for the fuel it

/ needs to keep itself alive. Although I do not live with a statue of / COATLICUE

this stone of religion is present. I now understand that the forces in

my own life I must oppose to keep on learning are not a woman. Yorunomado's eyes were gleaming & he smiled at me, he smiled at me like no one has ever smiled at me in my life; he turned his magnificent black New Guinea headhunter head toward the Plymouth where I beheld the most marvelous thing: I had buried my mother. Niemonjima was present. The soft chrysalis split a lovely golden slit, her slimy infant shape weak at first clung to her husk, slowly an iris her wet obsidian-tipped wings unfolded turquoise & gold, scarlet & deep green, wavered then taking off a ripple running thru the whole of creation lifting into the glowing azure sky over the intense Okumura Garden where I stood amazed watching my image separate from me, & by the maple where stretched the pregnant red spider's web Caryl appeared, I love you I cried, I love you with all my life, you are Caryl & you are what counts. With you, in you, through you I explore light, your light to respond to my darkness, my light to res-

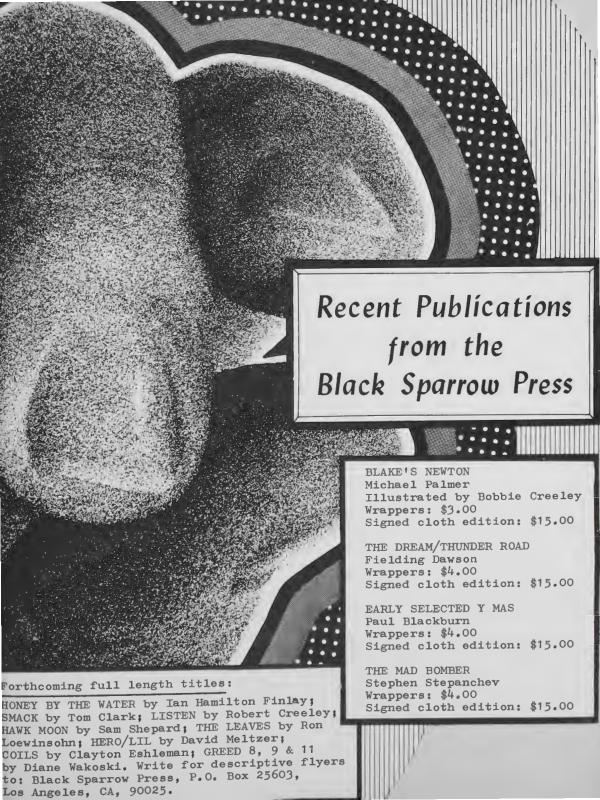
to your darkness. I love you as a man & as an imagination -the sacrifice poetry demands is not abstinence nor a shedding
of personality but the sharing of one's penis or one's vagina
with the cornucopia of the ages while one takes in disembowel-

& emanates silk. The beloved who is true, the lover who is true,

do not disembowel each other, yet both love each other & are thus open to the world which is obsidian to the virginal body of love; yet the world is also a perceptive field ever-widening to an awakened person. I love you is my happiness with you & at the same time a vibration sent forth against the opacity clogged in my body & mind against this flowing maple.

Yorunomado closed the left half of my book. From this point on, he said, your work leads on into the earth.

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